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## ON THE LUDICROUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL. BY PROF. ADLER.

### Definition of the Ludicrous.

THE ludicrous would never adapt itself to the definitions of philosophers—except it be involuntarily—simply because it assumes as many different forms as there are deformities. Among all our sentiments, this alone has an exhaustless material, the sum total of crooked lines. Cicero and Quintilian already found the ludicrous refractory to all description, and even dangerous to one who might attempt to fetter this Proteus in one of his transmutations. The new Kantian definition, too, which makes the ludicrous arise from the sudden ending of some expectation in nothing, is liable to many objections; for, in the first place, it is not every nothing that produces it; not the immoral, not the rational or supersensuous, not the pathetic of pain or of pleasure.

In the second place, we often laugh when the expectation of nothing ends in something. And thirdly, it is evident that in entire humorous moods and representations all expectation is left behind at the very threshold. Furthermore, this definition applies more to the epigram and to a certain kind of wit which couples the great with the insignificant. But no laughter is thereby necessarily produced,—no more than by the juxtaposition of a seraph and a worm; and the definition would do more harm than good, since, if the worm came first, and then the seraph, the effect would still remain the same. The explanation is, lastly, so indefinite and equally true as if I should say—the laughable consists in the sudden transition of the expectation of something serious into a ridiculous nothing. The old definition of Aristotle (whose argus-eyed penetration and Gerion-erudition is on every question worthy of attention) stands, if not at the goal, at least on the way to it, namely, that the laughable arises from a harmless absurdity. But neither the harmless absurdity of animals, nor that of lunatics, is comical; nor are the greatest absurdities of entire nations so. Flögel, in his History of Comic Literature, pretends to find a comical effect in Linguet's opinion on the poi-

sonous nature of bread; in Rousseau's preference for savage life; or in the pretensions of the surly, contemptuous fanatic, Postell, who held up his Venetian mistress, Johanna, as the Salvatrix of woman. But how can simple errors, with which every library teems (without being on that account a Théâtre aux Italiens or des Variétés Amusantes), rise to the beauty of comic charms without the endowment of Art? As, therefore, Flögel errs in finding simply intellectual incongruities without embodiment comical, so he is equally mistaken, on the other hand, in regarding bodily incongruities, unaccompanied with an ideal element, as comical, when he finds the Prince of Pallagonia at Palermo in the infernal studio of Breughel, or the negro on horseback opposite a Roman emperor with a double nose, ludicrous. For these distortions of plastic reality lack (as does the caricature of man—the animal) all spiritual significance. The acute critic of my *Vorschule* (= Proscholium, the author's treatise on *Æsthetics*), in the Literary Gazette of Jena, places the comical in the interruption of the totality of the understanding. Since, however, there are several such interruptions—from serious error to hallucination—the comical must first of all be distinguished from every other by a precise definition of the comical. Schiller declares comical poetry to be a pulling down of the subject, even below the actuality of life. But the distinction which elevates the earnest Ideal so far above the Real, is not susceptible of an inverse application in the comical, since the Real itself contains the comical, and the stage-fool is sometimes found equally complete in actual life, where the tragic hero never occurs. And how could a disjointed, debased reality afford us any delight, when the natural prosaic already pains us? At any rate, the pulling down below the actual, which the serious poet likewise employs in the characterization of sinners, does not constitute the distinctive element of the comical.

The more recent Schlegel-Schelling-Astian definition of the comical, that it, e. g. comedy, is "the representation of our ideal endless freedom, consequently of the negative endless life, or of endless determinability and volition," this I leave here to battle it out with the most recent of St. Schütz; which, however, is of greater utility to artists, declaring the comical to be "the intuition of the disruption and of the victory between freedom and necessity." But this victory which often appears, without any comical effect, as in sickness, in imbecility, in undeserved poverty, in honorable defeats through a superior number of the enemy, must first be assured of its comic power by exclusively distinctive characteristics.

But why this protracted opposition to others' definitions? Set up your own and those will perish by it of their own accord, in case yours be a correct one, as the eagle's feathers destroy other feathers near them. Besides, an author cannot meet all contrary definitions, even though he might desire and be able to do so, since there are so many of them that rise up and turn out against him, and most of them, perhaps, not till after his death, that still in the end he is obliged after his burial to commit the entire victory to his own.

And besides our definition of the ludicrous, we have still to search for something else even more difficult to be found—the reason, namely, why, in spite of its being the sentiment of an imperfection, it still affords us pleasure; and not in poetry only, which causes blossoms to spring out of mould, even, and flowers out of the coffin, but in the dry actualities of life itself.

The nature of a sentiment is best ascertained by questioning its regard to its opposite. What then is the converse of the ludicrous? It is neither the tragical nor the sentimental, as the words "tragi-comical" and "lachrymose comedy" attest. Shakspeare raises amid the fire of his pathos, his humoristic northern plants as successfully and perfectly as in the colder atmosphere of the comedy. Nay, Sterne even converts the simple succession of the pathetic and the comic into a *simultaneum* of both. But let one attempt to insert one single jolly verse into a heroic epos, and it will destroy it. Laughter at a person or thing, considered as manifestation of a moral indignation, is quite compatible with the continuance of sublime emotions in Homer, Milton, and Klopstock; but *laughter*, as such, never. In short, the comic is the mortal enemy of the *sublime*, and a comic heroic poem is a contradiction, and should be called a comic epos; consequently, the comic is the infinitely small. In what, then, does this ideal smallness consist?

### Theory of the Sublime.

But wherein consists this ideal sublimity? Kant, and *after* him, Schiller, answer in an infinity (something infinite), which our senses and imagination despair of producing and comprehending, whilst the reason creates and seizes it. But the sublime, e. g. the ocean, a high mountain, cannot be incomprehensible to the senses, for the very reason that the latter embrace and span that *wherein* the former (the sublime object) dwells. The same applies to the imagination, which, in the endless desert of its ether-heights, first constructs the infinitude of space to contain the sublime pyramid. Furthermore, it is true that the sublime is always connected with some sensible sign (either within or without us), but this sign makes no use whatever of any of the powers of the imagination or of the senses. Thus, for example, in that Oriental poesy in which the prophet awaits the mark of the Deity passing by, who comes not in the fire, not in the thunder, not in the whirlwind, but who comes at last in the still small whisper, the gentle sign becomes evidently more sublime than a majestic one would have been. Thus the æsthetic sublimity of action is always in an inverse ratio with the importance of the sensible sign, and only the smallest becomes the most sublime.

Jupiter's eyebrows move in this instance more sublimely than his arm, or he himself.

Moreover, Kant divides the sublime into the mathematical and the dynamical, or, as Schiller represents it, into that which surpasses our powers of (sensory) comprehension, and into that which threatens our vital power. It might more briefly be called the quantitative and the qualitative, or the outward and the inward. But never can the eye behold any other sublimity but a qualitative one, and only a conclu-

sion drawn from experience, and no intuition, can make an abyss, a stormy sea, or a flying rock, an object dynamically sublime. But how is this perceived? *Acoustically*; the ear is the immediate messenger of power and of terror. Think of the thunder of clouds, of the ocean, of catarnets, of the roaring of the lion, &c. Without any previous experience a novice of a man will tremble before an *audible* greatness, while a *visible* one only elevates and expands him.

If I may be permitted to define the sublime to be the *infinite in its application*, there will result from this a threefold and also a fivefold division, viz. the infinite, as applied to the eye (mathematical or optical sublimity), to the ear (dynamic or acoustic sublimity); then the imagination must again refer this infinity to its own quantitative and qualitative sensitivity, as immensity\* and as the Deity. And then there is yet a third or fifth sublimity, which manifests itself in a directly inverse ratio with all sensible signs, both inward and outward. This is moral sublimity or the sublimity of action.

But how is the infinite applied to a sensuous object, if the latter, as I have proved, is smaller than the wings of the senses and of the imagination? Nature alone, and no intermediate idea, can effect this huge leap over the gulf that separates the sensuous sign from the supersensuous object designated (and pathognomy and physiognomy must make this leap every minute); for between the mimic expression of hatred and hatred itself, nay, even between word and idea, there is no equation. Though this be so, still it must be possible to find the condition under which one visible object becomes a spiritual sign rather than another. With the ear, extension and intension are equally requisite; the sound of thunder must at the same time be prolonged. As we intuitively know no power except our own, and as the voice is as it were the watchword of life, we may thence more clearly comprehend why it is that the ear designates the sublimity of power. A rapid comparison of our own sounds with others must not be entirely excluded from this. Even silence can become sublime, as that of a bird of prey suspended motionless high in the air; that preceding a great tempest; or that which intervenes between the large flash of lightning and the thunder.

Optical sublimity does not depend on intensity (for dazzling is not sublime, nor would night or the sun be so, if seen alone, without the sky and surrounding objects), but upon extension; and only when the latter is monochromatic. A cultivated landscape of unbounded extent yields in effect to a calm sea, though the former, in point of optic intensity, presents more light to the eye; and though the latter as well as the former is circumscribed only by the clouds. Thus an obelisk might be robbed of half its size by means of large colored spots (not, however, if they were too small, or applied too near each other, as in this case the dazzled eye would see them melting into one). But why so, when different colors ought rather to make it clearer, and consequently larger at any distance? Because every color begins a new object, except at a distance, or at night, where all colors giddily run one into the other. But let it be covered, like the dome of St. Peter's, with a multitude of small lights, and it will appear greater, because by night these lights serve to continue (extend) the same object and not to begin themselves. Hence it is

\* To the imagination, eternity is mathematically or optically sublime, or thus: time is an endless line, eternity an endless surface.—God, the plenitude of dynamical power.

that the stars become optically sublime only through the sky, not it through them. The question yet remains, Why is it only the long, extended object of one color that becomes an image of infinity?

I reply: By means of its limit. Consequently, by means of two colors; and the limited is sublime, not that which limits: the eye repeats the same color until it becomes dizzy and exhausted, and from this eternal repetition of the same thing results the endless image: neither the middle nor the apex of the pyramid is sublime, but the course made by the eye. But in order to know that here there is one homogeneous object before me, I must have another one, different from it, and oppose them to each other; without this there would be no limit, no distance; consequently, no size. For this reason the night is not sublime to the closed eye, though it is so to the open, because, in the latter case, I begin my endless journey from some luminous spot, or from myself.

(To be continued.)

## LIFE:

### A POEM. IN FOUR BOOKS.\*

#### BOOK II.

##### THE NATIONS.

AND kneeling there, the world unrolled itself  
Before me as a scroll. And over all  
A light shone steadily. A light that pierced  
The heart of earthly things, as sunbeam through  
A dewdrop. Evil then and Truth I saw  
In all.

I put strange question to my soul:  
And ever those twin oracles, the stern  
Experience that has endured and lives  
Hopeful, and Love, both blending into truth,  
Spake prompt reply. And every question  
Its answer did resolve into one loud,  
Strong cry for God.

If such be, what is Fame?  
O tireless toiler up an endless steep!  
And struggling striver in a world of strife!  
The world is like unto a serpent; once  
He hears thy stumbling or triumphant tread,  
Then quick, his full envenomed tongue thrust  
forth  
Will sting thee, O Achilles! in the heel.  
This the world's meed of fame thou'lt live to feel.  
Then, shall the poison circulate with each  
Swift coursing of thy noble blood! It rests  
With thee. Love maketh to itself a home  
In hearts wherein 'tis born, not drawn from  
source  
Extraneous. 'Tis not received, but born  
Spontaneous, and ever to itself  
Its life and food. Within the heart wherein  
It feeds and nestles Love imparteth power,  
And coloring and essence antidote,  
To the swift blood; and the envenomed sting  
Shall never taint the fount, nor wring it with  
A pang. 'Tis self-subduing Love that wins  
The prize—with all its sufferings suffering not  
Defeat. In Love receiving, giving all,  
Therein alone thy fame may rest secure,  
For Love is Charity, Truth, Beauty, Fame!

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by D. P. BARRYDT, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Where is the anchor of a storm-tossed soul?  
I see thee, Hope, bright gleam of God-light! blest  
Dispenser of His purest rays that glow  
A halo round His face of Love.—Bright Power!  
That, poised upon thy outstretched wings of light  
Divine, dost bend above the heavy heart  
And lift the leaden weight that crushes out  
Its blood in the perse clottings of despair!  
Leaving the ruby tide to flow the course  
Of flooding happiness. O faithful friend!  
Last to desert the seat of human pain,  
In whatsoever heart it dwells, thou art  
The gravitating force that holdeth all  
The sister powers firm tending toward God.  
We dream and dream; we wish, and hope, and  
doubt;

And then return to Hope. No magnet draws  
So strong. As needles we but oscillate,  
And then to point again. Uncertain dip  
And variation, as the elements  
Terrestrial let up or draw for earth  
And hell, always prevail to mock our charts  
With self-complacent wisdom drawn for heaven.

We oscillate; we change.—And what is  
change?

On swift and noiseless wing, the thoughtful hours  
Approached. A sapphire sky has worn the hue  
It takes when fading day reveals the full  
Orbed moon to view. How fair she seems to us!  
While from around her vapor-dimmed face  
Stream forth the wat'ry rays, like the loosed hair  
Blown out from grieving beauty's orbed brow.

Through swift mutations, all the mists dispersed,  
She beams again irradiate with smiles,  
As though unused to tears, or wearing grief  
But as the semblance of an envious veil  
Provoking contrast where reality  
Outshines itself for more effective end.

Roll on your trackless way, ye worlds of  
thought!—

The Stars! companionable visitors,  
And company when greater ones are gone;  
Suggestive ever, loved the best; with whom  
We hold the sweet and solemn converse felt  
When spirit gently unto spirit calls;  
These silent, yet impressive, speaking stars  
Have paled before the night orb's brighter glow  
As she in turn will fade before the glare  
A burning sun will deluge earth withal.  
And that great luminary too, whose glance  
At morn touches the glad earth like the smile  
Of God upon a garden, will resign  
The empire where it gloriously reigned.

So do events o'ercrest each other on  
The shore of Time, each driving each far down  
The measureless abyss of all the past.  
Each frothing through the measure of its power  
To lose its strength in bubbles of the air.  
As circumstance doth hurry circumstance  
Along the crinkled current of events,  
Wave chaseth wave, and billow loud outroars  
Its fellow—all for ever shifting place,  
And dashed in turn by reproducing Time.  
And this is life! in ev'ry vain essay  
For ever seeking, never to attain  
The ever changing purposes of man.



And this his power and triumph, that dissolves  
In airy bubbles of the yeasty waves.

Yet is there more beyond, if we will look again.  
The wave doth bear a jewel in its breast—  
The choice concretion of unmeasured seas—  
By Time, through long uncounted process,  
wrought

To rich transparent amber. Oft it holds  
Embalmed what else had perished. In the  
waves

That bear the ruddered or unruddered man  
On the swoln sea of circumstance, exist  
The richer elements of concrete Truth.  
The constant working in a ceaseless surge  
Of these, the purer thoughts and purposes,  
The reverential hopes and sympathies,  
Are ever casting up the precious gem.  
High on the endless shore that bounds the main  
Of Time the precious amber-droppings fall,  
Holding embalmed the silent better deeds  
Of ev'ry billow-beaten mariner.

As swift event succeeds event, and in  
The bosom of the wave that beats the shore  
Of Time a truth is held—while stars go out,  
Moon sets, and mighty sun sinks out of sight,  
The thunder roll of systems of the worlds  
In billows rolling on eternal shores,  
Doth hold its truth:—mere creatures these—while  
high

The rush tumultuous of crystal globes  
On crystal globes upheaped, in cresting foam  
Invades the awful strand, dashing afar  
The dazzling spray in glowing fragments of  
The shivered suns—not more than bubbling  
power

Of frothy circumstance, the final end,  
Nor e'en the cause.—A changeless Cause exists,  
A Power controls; this only worship we.

What is Power? It is with song, with word,  
Or thought, full freighted with the beautiful,  
To call the soul into a living face.—  
The face of man or woman; thine, O Moon;  
Thine, mountain hoar that shoulderest the  
heavens;  
Thine, lake that lispeneth love so liquidly;  
Thine, faithful stars; thine, changeful trees; the  
face

Of all supernal, all beloved below.  
Thus with the wand Imagination call  
The spirit of near Nature up. There is  
A tonic in the very exercise  
Of such that sets it up with springs of steel  
And tunes the mind to unconceived power.  
To summon soul into the beaming eye;  
Behold it gleaming, swelling, rolling; see  
It bound and leap like the held courser ripe  
For the race; to feel it springing forth from out  
The half-restraining body to elance  
Itself into thine own stirred soul: then launch  
Themselves together on the very vast  
And surge of an Eternity that rolls,  
Unceasing and tumultuous, a sea  
Of souls. There to interpret each to each  
Its truth: sublimest Nature's active force  
Infused. And this is joy, eternal joy!  
Sole measurement of Time, sole rod and chain,  
Sole weight and scale may stretch to amplitude

Of spirit life, or may disintegrate  
The atoms that make up Eternity.  
And this is Poesy, work for the bard  
To whom Eternity is Soul and Love.

How deal the Power? Who is the Bard? Of  
Faith—  
What is it? Whither tendeth earth and man?

The world lay ope before me as a scroll:  
Of evil then and truth I saw in all—  
The past and future grew a present one.

Behold! the Cycles of past Ages rise  
From their grim sepulchres— weird sisters, wan  
And mournful. Folding their grey robes about  
Them, bowed, they stand expectant. Light de-  
scends,

Filling the air ignite, celestial. See!  
Slow moves the train in file, ghastr spectres of  
The unreclaiming Past, with inward rage  
Enforced; for the complying Powers admit  
The tribute sternly claimed by Coming Time.  
As they march, each putting forth a shaking arm,  
With her weird finger writes upon the air  
Dark characters—like serpents numberless  
Cast on a sunlit sea. Back to their tombs  
The ghosts of Ages sink, loud shrieking! Left  
Behind, their awful signs engross the air,  
Writhing and bubbling; omens strange, and dread  
Ingredients cast in magic cauldron fired  
For fell intent. Supernal light grows dark  
Behind the awful fermentation. Lo!  
The cauldron contents horrible, self-stirred,  
Inbreeding hideous life with self, o'erflow  
All space. Dread wings, grown bat-like, spread  
throughout,  
And flout the heavens, impious; while foetid dust,  
Outshaken from their folds, covers all earth  
And intermediate things with a foul life,  
As of the creeping dust-life of the grave,  
Corruption fed.

Dread shades of buried Past!  
Is such your mission? Tends thus the time  
To come? Behold! a STAR rayed through the  
storm  
Struggles to life. The dark mass yawns awide,  
And a new light supernal beams abroad,  
New silvered, purer.

Earth is glad: as there  
Upon the yeasty waves, when sombre night  
Has dropped a thousand veils on ocean's face,  
And smiting billows dart like forking flames,  
A struggling bark rolls heavily. Its crew,  
Without a warning compass to relieve  
The dread of storm-lashed coasts, feels suddenly  
The grateful calm of a rude wind at rest;  
And then, as when the unseen rocky roof  
Of a wide cavern by an earthquake's stroke  
Is rent, and through the fissure darts the light  
Of heaven, the moon pours down its silvery flood  
Upon a hundred lifted faces, straight  
With hope all smiling. Less than they of joy  
Those merry maidens round the maypole know;  
Where eyes of jet are flashing brightly; eyes  
Of blue are dancing lightly; zephyrs gay  
With tresses play; breasts of snow, cheeks aglow,  
And twinkling feet, in circles fleet, with beat

And chime keep flying time; with throbbing  
breasts

In swift accord kissing the sward in fresh  
And loving gladness. Youths come tripping, too,  
Love-lorn and fancy thrall'd. The frolic love,  
The maiden love, the lamblike love, the light  
And gambol love's aglow. Now two and two,  
Pair on, pair off, and love is phasing like  
The wax and wane of Luna with the rise  
And glare of burning Sol co-rounding light  
With light, and light for heat. Changeful with  
skip  
And loll, or fast, or slow, now to and fro  
The couplings go. Through dimming paths that  
crook,  
For bower and nook with loving song they go.

The visions lengthen. Call the nations up!  
Thick as the blazoned banners hung in old  
Ancestral halls, or Chapel of St. George,  
Hung out by Time, they float before my eyes.  
Behold the Genius of the Coming Age!  
Clothed with the thunder of Niagara,  
Erect above its wondrous verge he stands  
And looks along the awful Past.

Lo! where  
A fangless Serpent, glittering, golden scaled,  
Uncoils itself in the broad sun to bask.  
Rearing aloft a head whereon the world  
Looks long with cries of wonderful, it turns  
And buries deep in earth, its sepulchre  
By a winged lion tombed.

A river-god  
Breeds Titans from the spawn of crocodile.  
Mountains are lift. Winged globes descend,  
And, pinion-bound, roll down a pyramid;  
Where mighty waves of sand engulf the whole.

In the first flush of robust youth, so fair,  
A Virgin lifts a Phrygian cap upon  
A javelin, and worships. See her next  
Upstanding proud beside a god, in high  
Triumphal car loud thundering along  
A bloody plain. Receiving straight divine  
Afflatus, she conceives and bears new gods  
With higher attributes, peopling therewith  
The universe. She re-creates an earth  
And heaven that blend in one; and her strange  
power  
Makes beauty grow a petrification. Lo!  
A change. The javelin has fallen prone  
Before a figure, purpled, diadomed.

An Empress robed in purple stolen from  
The sun, her foot upon the world's neck plants;  
Lifts the tiara from her blood-streaked brow  
And casts it in a crater. Haught she stands,  
Loud mutterings announce conceiving throes,—  
The molten birth o'erflows,—destroying rage  
Sweeps on, and two white arms wave wildly o'er  
The flood, that cools, dead Glory to embalm  
For time.

Where, art-enshrined, in fragments, all  
Immortal of decay, the stelene marble sows  
The reverent earth. With face of Juno's mould,  
A Form, in white and crimson robes, against  
A broken column leaning, dreams of Art

And Glory. Dream of false and true! Down swoops  
An eagle double-headed, and with black  
Wings, flapping fiercely, smites her blind! Behold!—  
Mid dust and ruins groping, darkness cursed,  
Ebeddled, impotent,—Immortal Death!

A Queen stands forth! Her glowing, golden locks  
Float on a neck of snow. One hand is on  
A lion's mane with a subduing power,  
The other grasps a trident; and the pride  
Of empire beams from out the skiey blue  
Of her star-lighted eyes. Her children group  
Around her, and the restive lion smites  
Them with his paw. Their blood besprinkles  
earth,  
And messengers spring up that far and wide  
Go forth to sow harsh-husks inclosing tares  
With seeded kernels sound—the germs of world-  
Regenerating fruit—and thunder with  
A double tongue, Freedom and Tyranny!

Lo! new Hesperian shores! whereon a bark—  
As some lone Albatross far flown from haunts  
Familiar—touches a seaweed-bearded prow.  
A comely band debark and kneel in prayer:  
Before them spread an open Book of Life.  
Bronzed hosts collect beneath the beechen boughs,  
Wondering—passing to pass the pipe of peace.  
Hid by the friendly cloud, a monster comes,  
Four-footed, hideous in scales, with jaws  
That yawn awide, he crawls among the band  
Whispering of land. Then loud a rifle's crack  
Swift signals slaughter. Whoopings yell return.  
Where now the beechen shade and the dusk forms  
Were gathered there? A woodman's axe rings  
clear  
Reply!

Two watery arms infold an isle  
Grove-shaded to the shore. A warm white hand  
Clasps peace around dark fingers stiff with pride.  
Where honest thrift burghers a fieldy town,  
Afar from dykes familiar, traffic trod,  
Where noble sons of art and science dwell  
And conscience independent knowledge leads,  
Content reposes on the ready lap  
Of Probity, nor dreams to ask of Time—  
Shall great Manhattan Babylon the world?

Where the hot sun rides ever high, a small  
Embrownéd crew as centaurs ride. Their hearts  
Hug lust of gold with passion's hot embrace.  
Among a swarthy crowd, gorgeous, arrayed  
In plumage of gay birds, and on whose lips  
Is peace, they charge. One hand is holding high  
A cross, the other wields a sword. Blows fall  
Like hail among the feathered crowd. See now,  
A mount of bloody corpses! At the top  
A planted cross mocks Calvary to tears.  
Hell laughs volcanic throes. The outraged Son,  
Beside the Father throned on high, looks down  
And frowns denial. There an Eden land  
Through centuries lies orderless. And groups  
Of Ages, struck with consternation dumb,  
Stand veiled behind the great eclipse of Christ!

Later in time. His look the circuit sweeps.

A land with high, low, moist and dry extends  
Through arctic, temperate, and torrid clime.  
A land felicitously made, where spread  
Afar those grassy seas, the prairies, flower  
Enamelled, broadest provinces of mead!  
Whose roaming droves of buffalo are scarce  
Outnumbered by the stars that sweetly smile  
Bright welcomes to the flowers below. Great  
land!

Whose lakes as seas link after link expand:  
Forests for ages may resound with cries  
Of the wild huntsman; where through all great  
streams

Meander with continuous flow whereon  
May float the commerce of a world-wide main.  
Where vasty grandeur every feature marks  
On Nature's face sublimely borne. There see  
The worshipped javelin uplift anew,  
Crowned as of old. With prouder hopes upraised;  
Far higher than Olympus raised above  
A hemisphere where broader ground invites  
The wide earth's millions to the rite. Held now  
By yet another Virgin, not less fair.  
Her iron ear, drawn by leviathan  
With breath of fire, is thundering along  
A plain begrained. A cornucopia  
Held high pours wealth of all along the way.  
New fire from heaven she wrests; and hourly saith  
To the winged lightnings—go and do my best!  
And they obey. And new creations hers,  
Not less immortal, where great gods of peace  
And plenty head the train. A Pallas, great  
And godlier than of old, at every hearth  
Fulfills her mission, feeding vulgar minds  
Co-equal with the great. Hope of the world  
And special care of heaven! the heart-sick hosts  
Of all the world in panting crowds make haste  
To touch her robe; and at the touch made whole,  
Leap up informed with life anew.

See now!  
She stands majestic: from her eyes the fire  
Of inspiration and of matchless might,  
Far-flashing beacon of wide hopes, streams forth.  
Rooted upon the everlasting rock,  
Proudly she looks upon opposing waves,—  
That lash its base as raged with bloody scourge  
Bellona round the walls of Troy. Their cry,  
Destruction! heard in loud hoarse murmurings,  
sounds  
Joyous in despot's ears; a knell to all  
Who hope for man. Innoxious strife! kind  
heaven

With watchful care protects the maid. A wail  
Of sorrow from high places borne has drowned  
The uproar, while a broad-winged angel form  
Comes shouting—"commercial freedom sinew  
limb  
To limb!" and straight abashed, the waves are  
stilled.

Yet o'er this land the Genius looks. Lo, where  
Pacific seas uphold pacific strife  
With Orient for world dominion! where,  
With all concentrate winds the millions rush  
From distant Ind, high Araucania,  
From Caucasus and burning Afric sands,—  
Celt, Saxon, Malay, Tartar, Aztec, Gaul:  
Where greatest Nimrods bleed the quartz rock,  
And aureate veins flood deserts. Gain is sun.—

Musquito-bred, the rush of cities springs,  
'Twixt morn and eve, to life peopling the wastes.  
Earth through the rounded cycle of a moon  
Unwatching slumbers, while the yellow blood  
Sows dragon teeth to flux the prairie where  
The cicala alone broke silence,—wakes,  
And rubs its doubting eyes before the hived  
Hum metropolitan. Eureka! and  
An empire springs to life. Art strews her gems  
Around. Luxury clothes herself in gold,  
And sinks unsheltered at Privation's feet  
To moan. Gain laughs and groans. Virtue is  
sick—

Now raging fevered, then collapsed with chill.  
Law lisps its legend lore in adder ears.  
Vice shrieks a laugh, and to his leper breast  
Hugs lust and murder, riotous. Death stalks  
Among unheeded, while he swings his scythe  
Reeking with blood and flesh corrupted. Still  
The hosts unsated throng around Nevada.

His gaze drops down. At hand upon a rock  
O'ertopping hills of foam, a figure swart  
And tall leans on an unbent bow. His hair,  
Black, floating far, by a lone eagle's plume  
Enerowned. Lifting his stern, sad eyes, he starts!  
And shivering to a fit, falls headlong,—lost  
In the foam below. The Genius drops a tear,  
Turns slowly, and his look leaps far beyond.

A Lion, fierce and hot, red-eyed with thirst,  
Laps at the sea. Maddened, he turns, and roars  
Consuming rage. An eagle, eyried strong,  
Rock-hemmed and forest-built, beyond the sea  
Hears the loud cry of Want, bears on his flight,  
And in the lion's lolling mouth upturned  
Lets fall the drops beak-borne from his far home.

The Genius waves august command—and lo!  
Beside a portal, grim and ghastly War  
Stands sentinel: winged Glory plumes his helm,  
Half poised for flight across where Peace erect  
Co-sentry stands. By thunders and the flash  
Electric of recorded thought announced,  
Issues the Age: War starts dismayed, and half  
Obeisant bends: Peace frowns and grasps War's  
sword:  
Catching fit element whereon to spread  
Her wings, Glory receives the Age's breath,  
Soars high, and circling o'er the head of Peace,  
Descends to crown her radiant brow.

## LITERATURE.

WILLIAM PENN.\*

"A GREAT commonwealth beyond the Atlantic," says Mr. Macaulay in his *History of England*, "regards William Penn with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theæseus and the Romans for Quirinus;" and the lively historian further pronounces him "rather a mythical than a historical person." Under this presumption of an improbable character, artfully resting the good fame and general representation of Penn upon—for modern times—an untenable basis, Mr. Macaulay, in

\* William Penn: an Historical Biography, from New Sources; with an Extra Chapter on the "Macaulay Charges." By William Hepworth Dixon. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea. 1851.

William Penn and Thomas B. Macaulay: being Brief Observations on the Charges made in Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, against the Character of William Penn. By W. E. Forster. Revised for the American edition by the author. Phila.: Henry Longstreth. 1851.



reducing his assumed demigod to a man, plunges him below his fair position in humanity. The treatment of Penn, whenever his name occurs in the "History of England," is with some depreciating comment; he is carelessly and flippantly spoken of; and even deliberately charged with corruption and hypocrisy. He is represented as discredibly connected with two of the most obnoxious transactions of the miserable policy of James: in the one case as a quaker abetting Popery, in the unjust seizure of Magdalen College; in the other, lending his personal aid to the Maids of Honor of the Queen in extorting a money ransom from the parents of the girls—to be seized and imprisoned for the occasion—who had become participants in the rebellion of Monmouth, by working banners and joining in the procession at Taunton, under the direction of their school-mistress. Nothing can be more disenchanting, judged by the sentiment of our own day, to the repute of a Theseus than an act like the latter. It was a job which Jeffrey might, with keeping, have handed over to one of the dirtiest officials of his court. Macaulay says it was tendered to Penn and accepted by him. It is not a little unfortunate for Mr. Macaulay, who copies Macintosh in this imputation, that the offer to Penn at all is supported only by an apparent historical blunder, and the acceptance by no authority whatever. The charge rests upon a letter of Sunderland, the Secretary of State, addressed to a Mr. Penne, acquainting him that the King had made over the fines on the maids of Taunton to the Maids of Honor, and that the latter had chosen Mr. Penne and Mr. Walden to make the necessary composition or collection of the penalties. It appears from the thorough sifting of Mr. Dixon and a previous writer on this question, Mr. Forster, whose pamphlet of last year presents a very strong view of the case against Macaulay, and to whom the credit of first presenting the anti-Macaulay evidence must be given,—that there is not only every presumption against Penn—from character, position, time, place, etc.—having been addressed in this matter, but that he is not at all the man to whom the letter was sent. The name in this most essential point is not the same, and it appears there was about the court a low pardon broker, one George Penne, who, from his known history, was a likely applicant for the work. The hands into which it did fall afterwards, show the additional impossibility of a man of Penn's station having anything to do with it whatever, least of all consummating it. Mr. Macaulay omits any mention of the actual jobbers in the affair, whose names are given by Oldmixon, but states that "Penn accepted the commission." This last would appear to be a purely gratuitous statement, unsupported by any authority at all. He gives none; and though it would have been an event of importance in Penn's life—which lies open enough to the public in the correspondence, books, traditions, &c., of one of the most public men of his times—nothing can be found by Mr. Dixon, in his diligent search, giving the least color to the unfriendly supposition; yet it colors some of Mr. Macaulay's most insinuating and brilliant depreciation.

The assumed details of the Magdalen College will as little bear examination. Penn seems to have acted in the matter as a peace-maker; nor, in promoting concessions to the Catholics could he, a quaker, be considered a traitor to the Church of England. He was entitled to the opinion that it was desirable the national institutions of education should be open to all religious denominations.

Other charges and inferences fall to the ground on simple examination.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Macaulay should have robbed the argument of his history for English freedom of the honorable example of William Penn, the friend of Algernon Sidney. Good and great men are not so abundant in the period that Penn should be so hastily and flippantly thrown to the dogs.

Mr. Bancroft, in his History of the United States, has taken a profounder and more philosophical view of the character of Penn, in the face of Macintosh and in anticipation of the attack of Macaulay, and the rigid scrutiny of facts which that attack has involved. "Every charge," says he, "of hypocrisy, of selfishness, of vanity, of dissimulation, of credulous confidence; every form of reproach, from virulent abuse to cold apology; every ill name, from Tory and Jesuit to blasphemer and infidel, has been used against Penn; but the candor of his character always triumphed over calumny."

The position of Penn was a curious one. He represented two phases of life as remarkably distinguished as the court of Charles II., gallant and splendid, into which he was born, and the bare virgin forests of Pennsylvania with which he was to be so nobly connected. He was to be both a quaker and a courtier. A man of distinguished birth, of high fortune and position, and the friend and associate in prisons and conventicles of George Fox. That he reconciled the two characters, without compromise of what was true in either, is the real greatness of the man. To have played the part of one of them in excess would have been easy enough. To have been a religious fanatic or a State hack would have been readily attainable, and more comprehensible to the public. Penn was neither. While he was ready to suffer fine, imprisonment, and ignominy, to protest against vice in high places, to withstand every inducement of profligate policy, he never forgot his birth as a gentleman and the duties of his position. It is in the first years of a man's life that his character is formed and his responsibilities marked out. His father was one of the most distinguished of English admirals, a worldly man whose design was to build a splendid worldly fortune for his son. The worldliness Penn sifted out of his fate with invincible purity and strength of will: the opportunities for honorable influence he preserved. The story of that struggle for conscience sake is known to all—of his alienation from home, his domiciliation in prisons—till time and thought had taught his father, the stout old Admiral, the sturdy basis of his own views, the enduring foundation of the principles of his quaker son. The son succeeded to the friendship of the Duke of York, and the intercourse between the two is honorable to both. When his own family fell from the exiled King, Penn, to his honor, remained faithful to that old friendship which he had so often turned to the opening of prisons and the relief of oppressed consciences. Twelve hundred Friends had been released by one of James's acts from prison. Had Penn no business at court? The friendship of James smoothed the way of the Proprietor of Pennsylvania in the management of his colony. Would it have been better for America that Penn had never visited Whitehall?

We are indebted to Mr. Dixon for the best account of the Life of William Penn. Its narrative is full, industrious, and exact. Original authorities are given for every statement, and, particularly for the early part of his life, and that relating to his mother's family. Much information is given from MSS. The passages

from the autobiography of Penn's mother-in-law, Lady Springett, possess unusual interest. She was a woman of the Puritan school of Mrs. Hutchinson. The story of her daughter, the beloved of Ellwood, the wife of William Penn, belongs to the romance of domestic life. There is nothing more powerful in the painful interest of its kind than Lady Springett's account of the death of her husband, the Puritan soldier of Edgehill, Newbury, and Arundel Castle (chapter vi., pages 107-110). The rise of Penn's quaker views, the history of his journeyings, of his imprisonments, his vindication of the trial by jury, the natural growth of his social and court influence, his constitution making for America (in which the part borne by Algernon Sidney is prominently brought forward), his visits to his colony picturesquely narrated, his disappointments and broken fortunes,—these are all presented with literary skill and commendable modesty of execution by Mr. Dixon. In style, there is more of moderation, less writing for immediate effect than in the author's Life of Howard. The facts are arranged clearly, diligently supported by references, and left to tell their own story. He makes no summing up of the character of Penn, but indicates abundantly the rich material for this purpose to the philosophical essayist.

#### INDIAN CHARACTER AND ANTIQUITIES.\*

[Second Paper.]

INDICATING in our previous article the spirit in which this work has been undertaken and executed, we now propose to give some account of the work itself. The volume which it composes was transmitted as a communication from the Department of the Interior to the Senate of the United States, by the President, in August last, under the provisions of an Act of Congress requiring the Secretary of War "to collect and digest such statistics and material as may illustrate the history, the present condition, and future prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States."

In pursuance of the requirements of the Act referred to, a number of Historical Inquiries were drawn up by Mr. Schoolcraft, and addressed to persons in various parts of the country, ranging over the entire field of Indian character and antiquity. To these Inquiries the present volume is an answer, illustrated with nearly eighty colored plates, executed by the best artists, and in the best style the country could furnish. The method of the text begins with General History, divided into National and Tribal, in which its fabulous character and the disposition to embellish and exaggerate are dwelt upon; a curious summary of the Indian Cosmogonists; the Antiquity of their Origin; the Constancy of the Physical Type (in which the position is taken, that of all the races on the face of the earth, who were pushed from their original seats and cast back into utter barbarism, they have changed the least), the Essential Unity of Race and Language, however broken into tribes and dialects; their Nomadic Manners and Customs, the Indian Mythology, and an account of the Great Spirit, who is represented as dualistic—one of good, the other of evil, with the polytheistic tendencies of the aboriginal temperament and its habitual worship of the elements. We have in a second division, an exposition of their Origin, in which it is asserted that they

\* Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States. Collected and Prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of March 3, 1847. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Capt. U.S.A. Pub. by Authority of Congress. Part First. One vol. 4to. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.



are a very old race—too old for any records but the divine oracles; a summary of their religious creed, with its belief in a deluge (an almost universal tradition); they regard the earth as their cosmogenic mother, and declare their origin to have been in caves or in some other manner within its depths,—with the monster era, before the existence of the present race, in which giants, genii, gods, and demons, wielded their powers against each other, with a tradition of a sort of Hercules, who acted as the deliverer of the earth from the monsters with which it was infested. We have then traditions of the era preceding the discovery of the continent by Columbus, which differ among the different tribes—with more or less particularity—embracing separate stocks, and extending as to the point of arrival and settlement, from the Arctic circle to the Valley of Mexico: pointing, when taken in the gross, to an oriental origin—where it is alleged all the intellectual and physical prototypes of the race are to be found. Following this course of statement and speculation we have a curious chapter of generic views upon what is called the Mental Type of the Indian Race: sun-worship; the idea of the germ of creation under the symbol of an egg; metempsychosis; Indian jugglers, and hunter priests; worship of the elements; burying of the body; offerings to ancestors; and parallelism of idolatrous customs among the Jews. The third division of Antiquities is pregnant with singular details; and includes topics which are uppermost in the popular mind when the Red man is thought of. The belief in a theory of a high degree of civilization in the area of fierce hunter tribes, such as extended north of the Rio Grande to the Great Lakes, in any age of which there is reliable knowledge, is held to reflect but little credit on American archaeological philosophy. We have of course an acknowledgment of an antique skill in fortification, and the erection of temples and altars, with evidences of ancient field cultivation—with descriptions and illustrative drawings of axes, pipes, arrowheads, shuttles, mortars, knives, and various anomalous objects of art and custom. We have also general remarks on the Indian attempts in mining and the working of metals—embracing the copper mining in the Basin of Lake Superior: and vestiges of mining operations in Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, Missouri, and California. There are also the archaeological evidences of the continent having been visited by a people acquainted with letters, prior to the era of Columbus. The accounts of the inscription on the Assonet or Dighton rock; of the characters found on a tabular stone or annulet in one of the Western tumuli; the devices on a globular stone in the Ohio valley; and of the skeleton in armor, form one of the most graphic and interesting divisions of the work. The Physical Geography is considered in connexion with the Discovery of the Mississippi River; the Gold Depository of California; and Mineralogical and Geographical notices, indicating the value of the aboriginal territory: tin, for example, on the Kansas river; the black oxide of copper of Lake Superior; the Artesian borings for salt in the Onondaga summit: with a speculation on the existing geological action of the North American lakes, in reference to the different action of the waters, the phenomena of tides. It is followed by an account of the Osteology of the Monster Period. We now approach what may be regarded as Indian metaphysics and speculation: a subject less within the verge of certainty—the organization, history, and government of

the Indian Tribes. Of these (Mr. Schoolcraft alleges) there are about seventy, nearly all of whom are susceptible of being generalized into five ethnological groups, who have constituted the objects of our policy and laws, during the three-quarters of a century that the Republic has exercised sovereignty over them. In various valuable preliminary remarks we are informed of the organization of the clans and tribes under the totem, of the patriarchal family circles, councils, tenure of the chief's office, the action of the popular element, the sovereignty of councils,—the generic groups of tribes,—the popular names imposed upon them are shown to be generally misnomers. As a further subdivision of the subject we have in reply to a portion of Mr. Schoolcraft's queries, a paper from Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who spent a number of years in the adventurous Indian trade west of the Rocky Mountains: embracing an account of the country over which the Shoshonee language prevails in all its latitudes and longitudes: the number of bands into which the nation is divided: their actual means of subsistence: their wars and alliances with neighboring tribes: their disposition and feelings towards the United States: and the true policy to be pursued towards them: similar papers on the Camanches and other tribes of Texas, by D. G. Burnet: of New Mexico by Gov. Charles Brent: of the Dacotas of the Mississippi by Dr. Williamson: with further editorial details with regard to other tribes. The Intellectual Character and Capacity of the Indian Race is next exhibited, in connexion with their mythology and traditions—as they relate to the Origin of Man, of the Great Spirit of Good and Evil, and of the Introduction of Medical Magic—the Island of the Blessed, or the Hunter's Dream—Indian Pictography, showing the extreme antiquity of the art of Pictorial Writing: the various figurative signs in use among the tribes to convey general information: symbols of the Art of Hunting, and of the Incidents of the Chase: symbols of War, Love, and History. The last division is devoted to Population and Statistics—presenting the Census Returns of the Indian Tribes of the United States, with their vital and industrial statistics—Tables of the Tribes within the newly acquired States and Territories—and Final Tables consolidating the entire Indian Population of the United States.

These are the topics, and such as we have shown are the treatment and method of this comprehensive volume: contributing in every page authentic facts, and subjects of ample speculation. Like all the Indian volumes of Mr. Schoolcraft, it has the flavor of genuine enthusiasm and actual observation—faithfully furnishing (in the author's own assertion) "tableaus or historic materials of the man for future use. They have been gleaned from the recesses of the wilderness: they are chiefly contributed by persons who have passed through the severe ordeal of frontier life." Without dwelling further upon this great contribution to Indian History, but allowing this book to speak for itself, we can safely assert that no man is likely to be disturbed in inscribing the name of Henry R. Schoolcraft high upon that monument of Indian remembrance and character, which will rise up loftier and more impressive, and remain upon our continent lasting as the pyramids. Nor will the American Government, which generously favored, and the publishers who faithfully assisted in executing this part of the memorial, be forgotten.

#### THE LANDS OF THE MOSLEM.\*

A NEW book on the East is no longer the rarity that it was twenty years ago. We have lived to see the time when Egypt and the Holy Land have become almost necessary portions of a foreign tour; and the Stars and Stripes now float as proudly on the Nile as the Union-Jack of Old England, or the flag of any other European nation. And what is more, these regions, once so full of mystery, and so profoundly interesting to the stayers at home, have been so much visited, and so illustrated by drawings, panoramas, and the like, that everybody nowadays knows all about the matter, or at least thinks he does, which amounts to much the same thing. The pyramids are quite so-soish; old Memnon's statue is an everyday acquaintance; and as for the questions about the Dead Sea or the Holy Sepulchre, why they are talked of and discussed much as one might speculate about Mr. James's "last." If our people don't know as much as they might about that quarter of the globe, it is not for want of talking and reading and making flying visits to the land of the Pharaohs. In some respects there is an advantage in this, and as we believe that the community had better have a little learning than none at all (despite the poet's objurgation), we hail everything that tends to promote a spirit of inquiry in respect to the lands far away, where our holy religion took its beginning; and we welcome every book on the East which is written in a kindly spirit, even though it may not claim to be learned and scientific. Our friend El Mukattem, as he chooses to style himself, has presented the reading public with a volume which claims to be a narrative of Oriental travels, told in a plain straightforward way, full of spirit, and what our Gallic neighbors term most aptly *bonhomie*. We can have no doubt about the truth and accuracy of his narrative, whatever we may think about some of his opinions. He begins his journey, prosecutes his onward way, goes over the whole field of eastern travel, exactly as might be predicated of an American gentleman, encumbered (shall we strain our politeness and say delighted?) with the companionship and care of ladies. His style of telling a story is sometimes very graphic, and nearly everywhere we can read him with pleasure and interest. We must except, however, a vicious tendency to *punning*, which sometimes leads him to violate the good taste which we happen to know he values as highly as any man. In general he acquiesces in views entertained by the learned respecting contested questions on the East and its wonders; but every now and then the independent spirit of our countryman excites him to rebel against popular notions, and to hazard sentiments which are quite as doubtful as those which he condemns. He is a great hater of "Monkish traditions," following in this respect the guidance of Dr. Robinson. We put it to his candor, whether it is quite fair to speak as he does on pp. 268, 272, 308, &c., since he knows that men who have no greater love for idle traditions than he himself, both see and give various reasons, more or less sound and convincing, for believing that our Lord did ascend from the Mount of Olives; that Mr. Ferguson's theory is as baseless as a morning dream; that Tabor has some claims to be the mount on which our Lord was transfigured; and such like. We see nothing to be gained by this determined spirit of believing only what the monks and

\* Lands of the Moslem: a Narrative of Oriental Travels. By El Mukattem. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1851.



people do not say; unless it be to acquire a cheap reputation for independence of thought or profundity of research. We know El Mukattem too well to believe that he can be influenced by any such unworthy motives, and we trust that on reflection he will see occasion to alter or at least modify his expressions on some points yet open for discussion, and which are far from being settled. As a favorable specimen of the style of the "Lands of the Moslem," we give the author's account of his approach to Jerusalem:—

"The convent of Mar Elyas was before us, placed where the monks say the prophet rested on his way to Beersheba; and where they pretend to show the mark left by his sleeping body in the rock. We gazed anxiously upon its white walls, and urged our horses up the hill side; but it was not the shining convent that gave us energy and sent the thrill of eager expectation through our veins; but we knew from that monastic height the eye might rest upon Jerusalem. The intensity of hope rendered us speechless, as we hastened along the stony path; joy and awe were alike accumulating in our hearts as we neared its summit. The past and present were equally unheeded, for our whole thoughts were centred on the future prospect. Onward, with increasing zeal, we vied in the ascent. The point was gained, and the Holy City lay fair and peaceful before our enraptured eyes. Not in the wild forests of the Western world, not among the huge wrecks of Egyptian art, not on the snow-clad peaks of romantic Switzerland, had any scene so riveted our gaze. The drapery of nature in the land of the setting sun was richer far. The halls of Karnac had published the highest triumphs of the human powers, and Alpine ranges had yielded far nobler spectacles of earth's magnificence; yet here were all surpassed; for heaven threw its shechinah upon the scene, and clothed the hill of Zion with a robe of glory. The sweetest memories hovered like fairest angels over the towers of Salem. Past, present, and future, all concentrated on the oracle of God. There is Zion, the home of the Psalmist-Monarch; there Moriah, the mount of Israel's God; and yonder, green with its appropriate foliage, and graceful as a heavenly height, is mild and holy Olivet. They rise as beacons to the wearied soul, and all are bathed in the radiance of the Cross. The scene was grand, unspeakably. Our overflowing hearts sent forth their swollen streams of feeling in vocal rejoicing. We looked back upon Bethlehem,—there was the cradle; we turned to Calvary,—there was the grave. Between these two had heaven and earth been reconciled. We paused awhile to drink deep of this first draught, and then spurred on to reach the city."

As a set-off to the rhapsodies of travellers in regard to the women of ill fame, the Ghawazig, in Upper Egypt, we quote El Mukattem's terse paragraph:—

"While in Kenneh I witnessed some dances of the Alweh women, and can only contradict the romantic accounts of some sentimental travellers by stamping the women as beastly specimens of female depravity, and their dances as graceless and disgusting."

One more extract, and we have done. The author, speaking of the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth, indulges in some sarcastic pleasantness:—

"Here, most wondrous of all, formerly stood the house of the Virgin, which once grew weary of remaining in a land where it had so many rivals in the relic line, and flew over to Italy, where it could have the field more to itself! On its way from Nazareth to Loretto, a goodly journey, and somewhat unusual for a house, it stopped to breathe awhile in Dalmatia, it may be, to plume itself and arrange its fair proportions, so that it could leap the Adriatic and appear in its new home with greater effect. It is rather presuming on a man's

verdancy to tell such a Munchausen story, notwithstanding it be sprinkled with holy water by good Mother Church; and though the surprising legend had often excited our sense of the ridiculous, yet one might suppose that upon its sober annunciation, at the alleged spot of the event, we would have considered ourselves insulted by the barefoot friar. Not at all, good reader; we had been so accustomed to this tradition-diet, that the most spicy mouthfuls were taken without a murmur; and when we arrived in lands unblest by these valuable treasures, we found some time necessary to prepare our palates again for the plainer fare that the less imaginative cuisine of Protestantism prepares."

#### PROFESSOR LINCOLN'S HORACE.\*

WE are somewhat inclined to question the demand or necessity for a new edition of Horace. Our doubt has no reference to foreign labors in this field. With a nationality much to be desiderated in some other matters connected with literature, the college-going and college-teaching part of our community has invariably hesitated to receive into general use the work of a European scholar until it receives the imprimatur of a native editor. The American classical editor, therefore, has only to take into consideration home competitors, and these in the present instance, we think, have already pretty well occupied the ground, and the labors of some of them have acquired a reputation not limited to their section of the country or to the country itself. We are disposed to think that, without going out of the beaten track, any of our professors having leisure and inclination to edit might find something more left to be done in Virgil than in Horace; but how we do wish that some of them would make the attempt to enlarge a little the boundaries of our very limited collegiate Latin course! For instance, how many American students know anything about Lucretius? Yet is he not, whether considered in a literary or a philological point of view, quite as worthy to be read as Ovid? A move of this kind can only be made by our Professors; not merely is it their peculiar business, but they are the *only* persons by whom it can be done, because first, there are very few men out of their circle qualified for the work; secondly, where such a *rara avis* as a scholar of leisure exists, the very fact of his not being connected with any institution of learning, prevents him from introducing a book into the standard course anywhere. The classical editor here must have some large school or college as a stand-point to begin with.

Since, however, Professor Lincoln has, by reasons best known to himself, been led to the conclusion that another edition of Horace was required, it is but bare justice to him to say that he has executed the task in a very workmanlike manner. The book itself is quite a treat to one's eyes after the usual run of American school-books—large and correct print, handsome type, and a liberal allowance of margin; and it is further embellished with occasional vignettes, though of these we must be allowed to say, that neither their beauty, number, nor importance altogether justifies the flourish of trumpets made about them in the preface. The foot-notes of various readings are very convenient, and contribute to give the work a scholarly appearance; we respect an editor who has the courage to give various readings. The critical notes are good so far as they go, good enough to make us wish for more. Unluckily, this question of more or fewer notes

has become almost a party one between New York and New England professors, the former, as a general rule, taking the side of more copious, the latter of more scanty illustration; so that it is not easy to approach the subject without being suspected of, perhaps without being imperceptibly biased by, some feeling of partisanship.

The obvious argument against the profuse annotation system (a system more favored in Germany than in England: we mention this fact because it has been our fortune to find an opinion to the contrary strangely prevalent in some quarters) is that it makes the learner depend too much on his notes and not enough on his lexicon and himself. There is a subordinate reason arising from considerations of convenience and expense—the addition which many notes make to the bulk and cost of a volume. As regards this latter, we should begin where there is any danger of making too big a book, by throwing out all parallel passages from modern poets and all from ancient poets when introduced to illustrate the sentiment only, such quotations, like pictorial illustrations, seeming to us not *strictly* in place in a critical edition. We are inclined also to admit that the practice of giving translations in the notes merely to show how a sentence or phrase may be put into the best English, has been sometimes carried to excess. For the student to understand the meaning of a passage is but half the battle; he should labor to express it in elegant as well as accurate terms, thus bringing into play and improving his knowledge of his own language.\* At the same time it must be said that the eastern students who are left to exercise themselves in this way do not appear to profit much by the opportunity. The first thing that strikes a New York trained boy at a New England college is the barbarous style of construing adopted by most of his classmates, which aiming at bald literalness errs as much from real accuracy as the elegant but loose paraphrases to which he has been accustomed. A proper style of translation, however, is much better learned from the teacher than from a book; but here again it happens unfortunately that a great many of our teachers are not over qualified for this task. Indeed, the American editor of a school or college text-book must always bear in mind this deficiency of the average teachers. Still, all things considered, we advocate a sparing use of notes which translate merely for the sake of the language, but with notes which explain grammatical difficulties and verbal niceties, the case is different: *we never saw too many of them in an American classic*. The most common error of a student working by himself—and we speak not of mere tyros, but of those who have made considerable progress—is to overlook the existence of difficulties, to get a general idea of the meaning of a passage without being able to explain the construction and the force of particular words accurately. Now, as we have already said, many of our students have to work alone, and many with inferior teachers. Moreover, the chances of this error are greatly multiplied by the character of the national mind; where there is one American boy deficient in sharpness and quickness of apprehension, there are fifty deficient in habits of patient investigation and accurate discrimination. Take a subtle Greek author—Sophocles for instance; examine a student who has read him alone or under an

\* The Works of Horace. With English Notes for the use of Schools and Colleges. By J. B. Lincoln, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Brown University. New York: Appleton & Co.

\* Writing out translations is a valuable exercise not sufficiently attended to in any of our academic institutions. It is the best possible preparation for English composition, and would be an advantageous substitute for it in the earlier stages of the College course.

incompetent tutor; he will give you a fair outline of the general meaning, but when you come to question him closely, *why is this particular word used here? what would this construction be in ordinary Greek? why does this collocation of words mean so and so when it usually means something else?* he cannot go on for two lines without stumbling. Now, of course we do not mean to compare Horace with Sophocles for difficulty; yet there are many latent niceties (*dodges and catches* as they would be called in Cantab slang) all through the Odes, and the very fact that they have the reputation with most students of being easy is the strongest argument in support of our position. The Satires, on the contrary, are considered hard, and it is just for this reason—because their difficulties are appreciated—that our students on the whole know them better than any portion of any author read in our colleges.

We did not intend to make any particular remarks on individual notes in this work; but a single one which has struck our eye we cannot forbear commenting on briefly. At v. 6 of the *Epistle to the Pisos* (usually known as the *Ars Poetica*), Prof. Lincoln says "*isti tabulæ*." Such a picture as that: *isti expresses contempt*." We do not believe that *iste* in classical Latin ever expresses anything of the sort. There was a dictum of the old grammarians to that effect; and it is because it was one of the things particularly impressed upon us at school, and because we not only read but wrote a good deal of Latin before discovering the error, that we are anxious to correct it in others whenever the opportunity presents itself. *Iste* (still represented by *ese* in Spanish and *colesti* in Italian) is the demonstrative pronoun referring to the second person, as *hic* refers to the first person and *ille* to the third; *hic*, this by me, *iste*, this or that by you, *ille*, that (at a distance from both of us). The idea of implied contempt probably originated thus; in an advocate's speech, *iste, your man*, would be the term naturally applied to the client of the opposite counsel, and as "*your man*" was pretty sure to be well abused before the speech was through, grammarians fancied that the word had a bad sense and denoted a contemptible object in itself. So far all is tolerably plain sailing; but besides this there is a secondary and loose use of *iste* to denote a subject of previous conversation or allusion; *this that we have been talking about* (we might construe *this* between us, to carry out the locative discrimination between the meanings of the pronouns) as in the passage before us, *isti tabulæ*, this imaginary picture that I have been telling you about, or in one word, *such a picture*. If it be asked why the word may not also express contempt here, since the imaginary picture is certainly ridiculous and contemptible enough, we answer simply because *iste* is found in other places referring to antecedents anything but contemptible. Thus in our very author, Epist. I. 6, 67: "*Si quid novisti rectius istis, Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum;*" where Horace cannot mean to throw contempt on his own precepts, while he is challenging his reader to produce any better ones. So also Cicero in *Catil.* I. 9: "*Utinam tibi istam mentem dii immortales daint.*" *Would that the immortals could give you such a disposition* (to go into exile).

#### SPENCER'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.\*

It is said that there are already about three hundred grammars of the English language.

\* An English Grammar on Synthetical Principles. By George Spencer, A.M., late Principal of the Utica Academy. New York: M. H. Newman & Co.

This, however, is no reason why one should not be added to their number, if it is a decided improvement; and such, we venture to say, is the work before us. There are two classes of errors to which the authors of English grammars are liable. Some, and especially the older writers, have been too much governed by the analogies of the Latin, and have consequently (as the present author says) introduced into their works many things of which it is almost impossible to make the pupil see the reason. Others, again, of the more modern class, have prided themselves upon being exclusively English, and even American, in their philology; and, in so doing, have often manifested a contemptuous ignorance of those principles of general grammar which are best obtained by a study of the fixed ancient models. Mr. Spencer has happily avoided both these extremes. As a good classical scholar (a fact which satisfactorily appears in another publication by the same author) he has made the structure of the ancient languages, and the *a priori* principles of general grammar, the groundwork of his investigations; and from the position they give him he is enabled to see, and trace out clearly, not only what belongs to the general laws of speech, but also in what respects they have been modified by the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon philology.

Mr. Spencer has had the sagacity and the common sense to perceive the importance of retaining the old nomenclature, and, to a great degree, the old method, instead of indulging in those sweeping innovations which have brought so many other works of the kind into merited contempt. On this account, the teacher and pupil are better prepared to appreciate the clear improvements of which he may justly claim the credit. Among these we would reckon his remarks in respect to *case* and *government*. The latter he regards as strictly applicable only in those languages in which one word influences, controls (governs) the form or inflection of another. When this is not the case, as in the English language (or only in a very slight degree), the term becomes only a source of confusion and perplexity to the scholar. Hence, in the author's system there arises a change of the whole order of syntax. The rules are arranged under the different parts of speech, and point out simply the relations which certain words bear to other words in the sentence, as *object, subject, qualifying, auxiliary, &c.* He contends, and very justly, that to say the preposition governs the noun, teaches the scholar nothing. It enables him to go through a certain machinery of parsing, as it is called, but really adds nothing to his synthetical knowledge of the sentence. There is some propriety in such a rule in Latin, because there is a real change in the form of the noun in consequence of the preposition; but here it neither testifies to that fact, nor to any other.

In pursuance of the same general views, Mr. Spencer would drop the *potential*, as a distinct mode, and apply the term as a prefix to the indicative and subjunctive, as simply a modification of their respective uses. *Possibility, necessity, will, obligation*, may be asserted either positively or conditionally—that is, indicatively or subjectively. They are not, therefore, *modes of expression*, but *modes of thought*, which may be put forth according to the one or the other mode of expression. These are decided improvements; and many others might be mentioned did space permit. The work is a small one, but has evidently cost much study and great pains in the arrangement, evincing in every part that the author is not only a

good philologist, but thoroughly acquainted with practical teaching. We feel that we are safe in commending it to the most favorable notice of all who take an interest in this most important branch of education.

#### THE NEW HEN-RIADE.\*

So fowl and fair a book, eye hath not seen.  
*Macbeth, improved.*

HOLLAND has had the tulip mania; England her South Sea bubbles and Mississippi schemes; France went mad upon beet sugar; and America, lately recovered from a frightful attack of morus multicaulis, is now very low indeed—or rather high—with the worst species of malignant hen-fever. The chicken pox is nothing to it.

Say but three words of the condition of Poland, and your friend will immediately and incontinently discourse you concerning the incredible and inexhaustible merits of his pair of Polish hens, who, did they but imitate the example of a ship at sea, and lay two for every squall, would prove a small independence to the spirited proprietor. Speak of the Panama railroad or the Nicaragua route, and you will be told of the admirable avenue these will open for the safe and speedy importation of Shanghai. Why, we scarcely dare ask for a second cup of tea, for fear of awakening a discussion touching the unequalled advantages of China fowls; and the other evening, chancing to mention the illustrious name of the celebrated M. Weller, Sen., of the Belle Sauvage a lady immediately inquired whether the stock and fixtures of the relief of the late George Clark included any number of genuine Dorkings? and if so, at what figure they were disposed of.

At this rate, ere long, "*Hen-hussey*" will come to be considered a term of high commendation—a hen-pecked husband regarded as a man of mark, and a chicken-hearted youth looked upon as a desperate fellow.

We are told by Sir Walter how the fair Margaret of Branksome's

"Thirty steeds, both fleet and bright,  
Stood saddled in stable both day and night;  
A hundred more fed free in stall,  
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall."

The Margaret of to-day would have stabled and fed her hundred and thirty hens—the horses might go to grass—and in the place of knights

"—— Sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur on heel,"

her only fighting cocks would wear feathers; and although the spur might still be found on heel, the gaff would be the nearest approach to a sword that any of them could exhibit.

We are free to confess a woeful ignorance of fowls in general, and a deplorable want of information upon hens and chickens in particular. Our education upon these points was sadly neglected. Poultry, probably, was not popular with our parents.

We remember to have endured, in our younger days, a ferocious onslaught from a Maternal Hen, and to the having been put in a state of great bodily peril by a pugnacious Gentleman Turkey, who had evidently taken umbrage at a flaming red and yellow silk dress that constituted our infantile apparel.

We have been told that eggs were not naturally boiled, and have listened with some lack of credulity to the tale of a Milesian, who fed

\* A Treatise on the History and Management of Domestic Poultry. By the Rev. Samuel Dixon, A.M. Large Additions, by J. J. Kerr, M.D. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.



his hens upon pepper and salt, and gave them hot water to drink in order that the eggs might be laid in due season, and all ready for the table. We knew that "*gallus*" was the generic term for the hen and rooster generation, and have been informed that the cant term, "*gallows bird*," is derived from the pugnacious and disreputable conduct of the males; but until the volume which forms our rubric fell under our consideration, we were as ignorant of the names and comparative merits of, and distinctions between Shanghais, Chinas, Cochin Chinas, Malays, Chittagongs, Hamburgs, Silkies, Friedlands, Shakebags, Black Duns, &c., &c., as the child unborn.

The subject, however, is no longer to be jested with. A Reverend A.M., assisted by an M.D., have not thought it beneath their dignity to compile a really interesting and useful book upon it, and American publishers have done their duty nobly, as is evinced by the faultless type and paper, neat binding, and some fifty odd capital illustrations.

If the reader imagine this work contains naught of interest to any save the fowl-breeder, he is much in error. It is full of amusing matter.

#### THE GALLANT GAMECOCK.

"A hen that I caught to examine, screamed till she called her husband to her assistance. Instantly his spur was buried deep in the fleshy part of my throat, nor did his anger cease till the lady was at liberty. The same gamecock, when fowls were killed for the table, made a point of attacking the man whose business it was to secure them, tore his trowsers, and made all possible bold resistance.

"Some years back I had an old Silver Polish that would spur some time with my hat! if placed before him."

#### THE MATERNAL BANTAM.

"A black bantam belonging to H. H. had a singular habit of adopting, in the first instance, a single half-grown chick. Another year he actually took a whole brood of eight little things off their mother's hands, first doing battle for them. These chicks he tended carefully for nearly two months, and then turned them off in the usual way."

#### A PUGNACIOUS HEN.

"I witnessed this morning the *daring* courage of one of my hens, in knocking a crow stunned and senseless upon the earth, that had attacked a chick of hers. She did not allow it time to seize the chicken, but struck at it with both beak and spurs."

According to our author, hens have some of the *peculiarities* of women:—

#### HENS' WHIMS.

"But all hens are not alike; they have their little whims and fancies, likes and dislikes, as capricious and unaccountable as those of other females. Some are gentle, others sanguinary; some are lazy, others energetic almost to insanity (*we have no doubt but the latter are strenuous advocates for HEN'S RIGHTS*); some can scarcely be kept out of the house; others say 'Thank you, but I had rather be left to myself.'"

We can recommend the book to all interested upon the subject.

#### NEW POEMS.\*

Two new volumes of poems before us appear under similar characteristics, as products of the Irish muse, the one published in London, the other in New York. Justice for Ireland is claimed in both, in verses of extreme facility, with an ease and emphasis which we should

consider remarkable as a display of talent, did not the supply, in the Dublin Nation and elsewhere, so rapidly exceed even the liberal demand. The accomplishment of ready versification is not to be denied. It is a social talent of no little influence and pleasure, but, unfortunately, it may exist with very little advantage—at this stage of the world—to true poetry. We question whether Mr. Allingham or Mr. Mulchinock have yet conceived the severe truthfulness, the "depth of pains and height of passion," which poetry exacts from her reverential worshippers. They rush too hastily upon the sacred groves, vexing the calm silence with their fluent social and political stump oratory.

There is rush and impetus and haste enough in the ordinary management of the world for it to be desirable that the Poet should withdraw us to more quiet pastures, and strengthen the soul in the reserve of true affection and the reverence of thought and expression, the dignity, of the highest form of literary culture.

In occasional verses of this class one is not pleased with the noisy movement of the turbid river, image of power though it be, but with the clear, pellucid spring, elaborately purified in the rocky earth, and coming forth cool and refreshing to the eye of day.

Mr. Mulchinock is an easy versifier, who has so ready a command of the ordinary forms of poetical expression that he should now expend his strength upon his material, avoid the fatal facilities of imitation, the notion of borrowing another man's inspiration, and study the masters of the art. He will find on reflection that there are but two forms of poetry much admired, where extreme simplicity is the charm of humble sentiment or the highest gusto of Art, with all its resources, is attained whether the composition be a sonnet or an epic.

According to the habits of the day, however, Mr. Mulchinock's are very creditable verses—and the circumstances under which they are written will go far to conciliate favor in their behalf—as the productions of an emigrant, a young man but recently visiting our shores, and seeking an immediate return from his pen. Readiness and susceptibility to poetical impressions are not the worst letters of recommendation a traveller may bring with him, and both in feeling and execution they are well represented in this volume.

Mr. Allingham's book abounds with tenderness and delicacy; but it would bear very powerful compression. It is a collection of good promise among the minor poetry of the day.

*A Conversational Commentary, combining the Question Book and Exposition.* Designed for Bible Classes, Sabbath Schools, and Families. Acts of the Apostles. By William Hague. New York: Edward H. Fletcher. 1851.—This is a Baptist publication; and, though teaching the sect peculiarities, positive and negative, in a dogmatic way, is yet a very thorough and judicious assemblage of questions and comments, well suited for Bible classes, &c., in that denomination.

*Daily Communings with God.* Selected chiefly from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. By Halsted E. C. Cobden, M.A., Vicar of Charlton, Wilts, &c.

*Prayers and Meditations, composed in the French Language, in the Year 1693.* By George William, Count of Kniphausen Nieuvoort. Translated by an American.

These are two publications, "Revised by the Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge," for sale at the Depository, 22 John street. Such devotional exercises of very holy men are

very useful companions for all Christian people. The only difficulty, among so many such manuals, is which to choose. These may be taken to represent the aspect of devotional life favored by the evangelical school in the Episcopal church.

*The Educational Systems of the Puritans and Jesuits Compared.* A Premium Essay. By Prof. Porter, of Yale College. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1851.—A difficult subject for any one man to write impartially upon; and yet the author appears to us to have faithfully studied to be fair and liberal to his opponents, and to present nothing which the Jesuits themselves do not acknowledge and teach. The Essay is well worth reading for the information it contains, and its style is flowing and well sustained. We commend it to the consideration of candid seekers after truth, whether they be Romanist or Protestant.

*The Restoration of the Jews;* with the Political Destiny of the Nations of the Earth, as Foretold in the Prophecies of Scripture. By Seth Lewis, formerly one of the District Judges of the States of Louisiana. New York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1851.

*An Exposition of the Revelation of St. John, from the Fourth Chapter.* By Rev. Joel Mann. New York: E. French, 135 Nassau st. 1851.

THE author of the first of these books is one of the few instances we have among us of able lawyers carrying on a constant study of the Holy Scriptures contemporary with a most active professional life, and producing, in the retirement of their old age, theological works of no little research and value. Books upon the subject of the prophecies, fulfilled and unfulfilled, demand a review too critical and theological to be within the scope of our journal. Both these works are fairly systematized, and are worthy of study by those who have the necessary learning to investigate such matters. Judge Lewis argues strongly for the literal restoration of the Jews, and the personal reign of Christ upon earth for a thousand years; and in common with many thoughtful and religious men of our time, seems to see symptoms of the approaching end of the present dispensation. The Rev. Mr. Mann attempts to fit closely and quite minutely the world's past history to the symbolic language of the Apocalypse. No doubt this book, which has been a riddle so long, will be well understood in the last age of the world, and then the Church will perceive its value, and what a treasure she has possessed in it.

*Temple Melodies.* By Darius E. Jones. Mason & Law.—A collection of some two hundred popular tunes, adapted to nearly five hundred hymns, selected with special reference to public, social, and private worship. In the arrangement the hymns are mostly printed on the same pages with the tunes attached to them. The tunes embrace every variety of metre in use, and the collection of hymns is comprehensive from the various books of the kind. The beauty and convenience of the typography are especially worthy of notice; instead of the old oblong, the book being a neat duodecimo, elegant in appearance, and adapted to the hand or the bookshelf.

*The Golden Sands of Mexico: a Moral and Religious Tale.* Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A new issue of a tale previously noticed at length in the Literary World (No. 178).

*Littell's Living Age.* No. 361, 19th April. The article on Neander, from the *North British*, is reprinted in this number, with an old acquaintance of ours, a paper on Mr. Young's Béranger, taken from *Sharpe's London Magazine*. This article appeared originally in the Literary World (No. 198, Nov. 16, 1850). It is an exact reprint in the London journal, preserving even a local reference, from this paper.

PHILLIPS & SAMPSON's edition of Shakespeare approaches its completion. The last parts issued are 35 and 36, including Lear, and Romeo and Juliet. The Poems are to be added, with notes, and additional notes on the Roman Plays: all to be comprised in one volume of about five hundred pages.

\*The Ballads and Songs of William Pembroke Mulchinock. New York: T. W. Strong.  
Poems, by William Allingham. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

## RECENT DEATHS.

THE recent deaths of the Rev. J. D. OGILBY, D.D., and the Rev. S. F. JARVIS, D.D., demand more than a passing notice; for although the Episcopal Church is more specially concerned, yet the community at large is far from uninterested in the loss which religion and learning have suffered in their decease. Both were divines of eminent ability, and held high positions, not only in their own church, but in the estimation of the learned of other denominations. Both had devoted the major portion of their best years to the study and elucidation of ecclesiastical history.

Dr. Ogilby was an alumnus of Columbia College, New York, and even while a student, at the age of 17, was selected by Pres. Harris to establish the grammar school of the College. A few years subsequently he was chosen professor of ancient languages in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., and was ordained to the sacred ministry in 1838. His reputation as an excellent classical scholar led to his elevation to a higher post; for, recollecting that no more necessary fitness could be had for a history professor, the late P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq., the founder of the chair, nominated Dr. Ogilby to the professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the Epis. Gen. Theol. Seminary, and he was accordingly elected by the trustees. This office he held until his death. Last year he was compelled to go abroad in search of health and strength, and died at Paris, Sunday, Feb. 2d, 1851, aged about forty. Dr. Jarvis was born Jan. 1787, and was son of Bp. Jarvis of Connecticut. In 1811, he became rector of St. Michael's church, Bloomingdale, N. York, which parish he held for about eight years. In 1820, he was chosen rector of St. Paul's church, Boston. Six years subsequently he sailed for Europe, where he remained till 1835, engaged in researches and studies, principally of a historical character. He also collected a very valuable library, and brought home many choice works of art. The General Convention of the Episcopal Church appointed him "Historiographer of the Church" in 1838, and it was his purpose to prepare a full and accurate history of the church from the earliest period down to the present time. Two volumes have been published, the one a "Chronological Introduction" for the purpose of determining the precise date of the birth and death of our Saviour; the other giving a succinct sketch of ecclesiastical history antecedent to the Christian era. The more important volumes which were to follow were in a state of forwardness, but failing health and strength, at an advanced time of life, prevented his accomplishing more; and his death, on the 25th of March last, has left his own church to mourn his loss, and the learned world to feel that another of its brightest lights has been extinguished. He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

## MAJOR JAMES REES.

MAJOR JAMES REES, of Geneva, died at that place on 24th March, 1851, at the ripe age of 85 years. He was born in Philadelphia of an ancient Welsh family, and was early in life the confidential clerk of the great Robert Morris, the financier, who, next to Washington, devised the means that conducted the Revolutionary War successfully. The Major had also been the Dep. Quarter-Master-General to Washington in the notorious whiskey expedition in Pennsylvania, anno 1794. He had also held the same office in the two northern armies under Wilkinson and Izard during the war with England of 1812. He ever discharged his public and private duties with

promptness, ability, and integrity. The Major's residence at Geneva was occasioned by a land agency conferred on him by his patron Mr. Morris in 1796, and hence he afterwards became the cashier of the bank. The declining years of the Major's truthful life were passed at Geneva, where he had many opportunities to become wealthy, but the moderation of his temperament was such that it contented him to discharge the duties of his agencies with a competency, rather than to be avaricious of money. The last public office that he held was that of post-master, conferred on him by President Harrison. He had also, for more than a fourth of a century, been the first warden of the Episcopal church in Geneva. His death has made a wide chasm in his family and in the social circle of that place, where the memory of his uniformly gentlemanly deportment of the old school will long be cherished. The writer of this notice had received from the Major several interesting anecdotes, which his relation to Mr. Morris had rendered familiar; among them was one in connexion with General Washington and Mr. Morris that especially deserves to be preserved, and must excite a patriotic glow in every reader thereof, and it shall be given here in the Major's own words:—

"It was in the year 1781 that Mr. Morris one morning early said, 'Jemmy, I wish the horse and chaise to be ready at ten, and that you accompany me to meet General Washington on "the square." At the moment appointed I was ready, and proceeded with Mr. Morris to the junction of Market and Broad streets, Philadelphia. In a few moments I saw the General and his servant approaching on horseback. The General dismounted and saluted Mr. Morris with gravity. They both sat down upon a log in that place; their discourse at first was upon the miserable state of the army from the want of bread and clothing, and the General said, the head of my column will soon be in sight on our way to the head of Elk. The discourse soon varied to the prospects of raising funds to procure supplies for his famishing troops, and I could perceive that tears were in the eyes of both. Said Mr. Morris: 'Dear General, I have made my last effort—my notes are in the market in sums varying from 500 to 5,000 dollars. I have already received 20,000 from some Friends—meaning the Quakers—and have that sum here ready for your military chest, and will forward to you other sums as they may come in, with flour and pork also.' The General seized the hand of Mr. Morris, saying, 'May an Infinite God bless you, my dear Morris, for this timely relief. It will save my men from starving, and may win us a victory.' The tears rolled down their cheeks, and I was unable to avoid weeping like a child. It was now that I heard the drum and fife, and soon there advanced the head of a column of pale-faced, ragged infantry, gaunt and lean, but their countenances brightened as they beheld their chief in converse with the great 'Paymaster.' Multitudes of these men were without shoes to their feet—some had one shoe and some one boot—a part of an old coat or a ragged blanket. Many of the officers had their garments patched on the knee and elsewhere with cloth of various hues. This column was on its route to the Bay of Chesapeake with the hope and purpose of Washington to intercept the march of Cornwallis, with what success is well known, and that it ended gloriously at Yorktown, as it ended the war."

Similar accounts may have been gathered from the memory of those who are very

rapidly passing to another world; they should be preserved in the simple form in which they come from such eye-witnesses, that bespeaks the tone of the day to which they relate. The story just mentioned from the lips of the truthful Major Rees has reference to that army which suffered and yet held together at Valley Forge, through a winter of indescribable severity and distress. It was a peculiar feature of every private soldier of the Revolutionary army, who acted on principle, to deem himself to be a part and parcel in the cause of freedom, and responsible for the conduct of the war; no other influence, under God, could have held together an army in such a winter as that at Valley Forge, and it required such a man as Washington to sustain the spirit of such an army, and such a mind as Morris's to yield them the staff of life.

F. G. S.

JOHN M. MOORE is to be chronicled among the recent editorial deaths in our city. Mr. Moore is well remembered as the author of a popular series of police sketches, and also of the local novel of "Tom Stapleton," and a volume of narrative and ballad poetry published some twenty years since. He may be justly regarded as one of the men of ready talent who have not been only acknowledged by the public—a man of kind heart and generous impulse, and of happy associations in his connexion with the family of the late Alderman Brady, a family distinguished for talent and admirable social qualities.

[From the *London Athenaeum*, March 15.]

## GEOGRAPHICAL EDUCATION—MR. WYLD'S GREAT GLOBE.

As the importance of a knowledge of natural phenomena becomes more and more strongly impressed on the public mind, new facilities for acquiring that knowledge are opening up around us. Education twenty years since was a much heavier matter than it is nowadays. Boys were taught by laborious processes the signs by which ideas were expressed,—but they were allowed to pick up ideas as they could. Under this system a few—favored by circumstances or by peculiar mental organization—pushed themselves onward and learned to read the volume of nature; but to by far the largest number it was indeed 'a book sealed, a fountain shut up.' A gradual change has taken place; and it has come to be felt that the progress of the human race depends on a better knowledge of the natural facts which are around us. It is now understood that there is no perfect ministration to the requirements of advancing civilization without the aids of Natural Philosophy:—using the term in its true world-embracing sense. Science, long neglected, is taking its important place in the scheme of general education; and all the appliances of popular institutions are brought to bear in diffusing a knowledge of those phenomena by which the beautiful results of creation are obtained, as far as these have been developed by inductive experiment and careful observation.

Geography and the use of the globes, however, is a branch of knowledge which has long been admitted as an ornamental addition to a respectable education,—and it was not thought a good sign to be ignorant of the place on the map on which China should be looked for or Kamtschatka found. Small, however, was the real knowledge imparted even in this branch of science. It is not easy to instruct a child to read a map or to comprehend the flat surface of a globe; and a very cursory examination, even among people of liberal education,



will convincingly prove that ordinary geography is very imperfectly understood, and that a wide ignorance of physical geography prevails. Regarding Mr. Wyld's model of the earth as a great step towards a general remedy, we think it worth while, after an inspection of its materials and of the processes in operation, to put our readers in possession of its characters and its objects.

In looking on an ordinary globe a limited portion of the earth's surface only comes under survey at once. It has therefore occurred to Mr. Wyld to figure the earth's surface on the inside, instead of the outside, of a sphere,—to give, in fact, an inverted globe,—enabling the observer to embrace at one view the physical features of the world which he inhabits. That surface which will be looked on as the inside coating of the sphere is actually that which exists on the exterior crust of the great globe itself. This very allowable departure from the truth, without misleading any one, admits of our obtaining a knowledge of the distribution of land and water over the whole planet which could not be in any other way secured.—The great feature, in fact, of this globe as a medium of summary teaching is, that it presents (what nothing on a less scale can do,) the means of presenting the various great physical phenomena at once and in their relations,—which in all other educational documents have to be studied separately and in detail.

The sphere on which the earth is modelled—and which is now in process of erection, as our readers know, in the centre of Leicester Square—is 65 feet in diameter. Visitors will pass into the interior of this huge ball; and by means of a winding staircase or gallery will proceed round it, viewing every part of the model at a distance of four feet from the eye:—and these arrangements are so contrived that they will not interfere with the general view of the entire surface. The scale is ten miles to one inch horizontal, and one mile to an inch vertical. This enables the constructor to exhibit all the details of hill and valley, lake and river, with facility, and to produce an effective representation of the Earth:—which could not be done if the scales for height and for distance were alike.

In looking at this vast model, the observer is at once struck with the distribution of land and water. He sees the great Oceans occupying nearly 150,000,000 square miles,—while the Old and New Continents and all the islands are estimated at but 60,000,000 square miles. The immense expanse of waters in the southern hemisphere is brought out in strong contrast with the wide-spread lands of the northern; and the great chains of mountains, which are remarkable features of the Earth's surface, are shown to be ranged in a circle around the ocean and the Indian sea. The water-shed—or river course—of every country is laid down, and the great areas drained are exhibited. This is, of course, connected with the elevations and depressions of the land:—all which are displayed in relative truthfulness, and with remarkable exactitude. By no other means than this, we repeat, could we at one view obtain a correct and lively knowledge on these points. A model in relief speaks to the eye in a way which it is impossible for any map, or globe with a flat surface, to do.

Beyond the points of Physical Geography which we have mentioned as being necessarily involved in this idea, there are others of no less importance and interest to be embraced. The limits of perpetual snow will be shown. Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," with his "diadem of snow,"—the hoary peaks of the

Andean and the Himalayan range,—with the lower hills, which as they approach the Pole present their constantly snow-bearing tops,—will alike be faithfully represented. The great Forest ranges will be indicated,—and the Deserts, with their wastes of sand, exhibited. Many of the geological aspects of the globe will be displayed: not merely in the form of the surface—but in the colors of the rocks. In fact, as perfect a picture of the surface of our Earth as is possible will be presented at one view in this gigantic model. This will be no mere holiday show. Men may take their children to it to instruct them on the subject of that world on which they live; and the women of our day may here, if they choose, learn something more than they know of that surface of which Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," has written so well. Had that lady, however, possessed the advantages of a model like this, she would have avoided some errors which are the natural consequence of not being able to embrace at one view "the great globe itself."

Numerous additions will occur to the students of natural philosophy by which Mr. Wyld's globe might be made still more instructive. The naturalist will insist on the importance of showing the geographical distribution of plants and animals; and the geologist will contend that it would be easy to express in color many of the great facts of his science, and to tell the tale of those vast mutations with which he deals.—We believe these may eventually be shown without in any way interfering with the general plan; and we would advise Mr. Wyld to bear these and other additions in mind. It is not improbable that he contemplates them, or some of them, as future chapters in this great geographical work. But in any case, there are certain grand physical facts which we desire to see expressed in the first instance. We venture to suggest them as important,—and we believe them to be compatible with the main features of the design. We would wish to see the great oceanic currents laid down. Most interesting would it be to show how the waters of the ocean warmed in the gulf of tropical Mexico, flow, in obedience to a physical law, towards our own shores—and even pass to the north of our islands,—giving a temperate climate and fertility to a northern region of Norway which the southern districts do not possess. As a few dots on the blue of ocean would indicate all this, we see no reason why this information should not be afforded. The greatest southern limit in the northern hemisphere of the icebergs might be very instructively shown.—The glacier system will of course find a place.

In addition to this,—a few crimson silk cords carried round the model would express the isothermal lines—or lines of equal temperature—round the globe: and a few blue ones would tell the story of the earth's magnetism, without in any way interfering with the geography of the model. At least, we hope Mr. Wyld will mark the two north and the two south magnetic poles:—which we may now regard as being fairly determined. The movement of these magnetic poles might be described in any treatise or catalogue which may be sold at the doors of the Exhibition. These are some other points of interest which we should desire to see embraced,—and which probably will be so hereafter.

We have already intimated that we regard this model as the commencement of a new era in geographical instruction. This great globe is made up of some thousands of castings in plaster from the original models in clay. The

first plaster cast, which is, of course, in reverse, will be retained,—and from it any number of correct models may be had. Nothing could be more instructive than such sections of the earth. Those *raised maps*, telling the tale of distance and elevation, would impart an amount of information in schools which could not be given by any other method.—In a few weeks the desert of Leicester Square will, in fact, be converted into a great geographical school.

#### PENNSBURY;

THE HOME OF WILLIAM PENN ON THE DELAWARE.

[From Mr. Dixon's new Historical Biography.]

THE estate of Pennsbury was an ancient Indian royalty. It had been chosen as the abode of chieftains for the peculiar character of its situation: affluents from the great river bending no less than three several times round it, so as, in the ruder ages of warfare, to constitute an almost impregnable natural defence. When the estate was first laid out by Markham, it consisted of 8431 acres; but a large portion of the ground was left in its forest state as a park for the governor, and he from time to time reduced its dimensions by a series of grants to different individuals. In this noble island his agents had begun to build, even before his first arrival in the country, a mansion worthy of the governor of a great province; and during his absence in England it had been completed. The front of the house, sixty feet long, faced the Delaware, and the upper windows commanded a magnificent view of the river and of the opposite shores of New Jersey. The depth of the manor house was forty feet, and on each of the wings the various outhouses were so disposed as to produce an agreeable and picturesque effect. The brew-house, a large wooden building covered with shingles,—Penn was not unused to the good old Saxon drink,—was at the back, some little distance from the mansion, and concealed among the trees. The house itself stood on a gentle eminence; it was two stories high, and was built of fine brick and covered with tiles. The entrance led by a large and handsome porch and stone steps into a spacious hall, extending nearly the whole length of the house, which was used on public occasions for the entertainment of distinguished guests and the reception of the Indian tribes. The rooms were arranged in suites, with ample folding doors, and were all wainscoted with English oak. A simple but correct taste was observable throughout; the interior ornaments were chaste, and the oaken capital at the porch was appropriately decorated with the carving of a vine and clusters of grapes. The more elaborate of these decorations had been sent from England by the governor. The gardens were the wonder of the colony for their extent and beauty. A country house, with an ample garden, was the governor's passion; and he spared neither care nor money to make the grounds of Pennsbury a little Eden. He procured in England and from Scotland the most skilful gardeners he could find. In one of his letters he speaks of his good fortune in having met with "a rare artist" in this line, who is to have three men under him; and if he cannot agree with Ralph, the old gardener, they are to divide the grounds between them, Ralph taking the upper gardens and the court-yards, the rare artist having charge of all the lower grounds; and he gives ample instructions as to every detail of their proceedings. Lawns, shrubberies, and flower-beds surrounded the manor on every side. A broad walk, lined with majestic poplars, led to the river brink, a flight of stone

steps forming the descent from the higher terrace to the lower. The woods in the vicinity were laid out with walks and drives; the old forest trees were carefully preserved; the most beautiful wild flowers found in the country were transplanted to his gardens; trees and shrubs not indigenous to the soil were imported from Maryland; while walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, and various kinds of fruit-trees, seeds, and roots, were sent for to England.

The furnishing of Pennsbury was to match. Mahogany was a luxury then unknown; but his spider tables and high-backed carved chairs were of the finest oak. An inventory of the furniture is still extant; there were a set of Turkey worked chairs, arm-chairs for ease, and couches with plush and satin cushions for luxury and beauty. In the parlor stood the great leather chair of the proprietor; in every room were found cushions and curtains of satin, camlet, damask, and striped linen; and there is a carpet mentioned as being in one apartment, though at that period such an article was hardly ever seen except in the palaces of Kings. His sideboard furniture was also that of a gentleman; it included a service of silver,—plain but massive,—blue and white china, a complete set of Tonbridge ware, and a great quantity of damask table-cloths and fine napkins. The table was served as became his rank, plainly but plentifully. Ann Nichols was his cook; and he used to observe in his pleasantry—"Ah, the book of cookery has outgrown the Bible, and I fear is read oftener—to be sure it is of more use." But he was no favorer of excess, because, as he said, "it destroys hospitality and wrongs the poor." The French cuisine, then in great vogue, was a subject of his frequent ridicule.—"The sauce is now prepared before the meat," says he, in his maxims, "twelve penny worth of flesh with five shillings of cookery may happen to make a fashionable dish. Plain beef and mutton is become dull food; but by the time its natural relish is lost in the crowd of cook's ingredients, and the meat sufficiently disguised from the eaters, it passes under a French name for a rare dish." His cellars were well stocked; Canary, claret, sack, and Madeira being the favorite wines consumed by his family and their guests. Besides these nobler drinks there was a plentiful supply, on all occasions of Indian or general festivity, of ale and cider. Penn's own wine seems to have been Madeira; and he certainly had no dislike to the temperate pleasures of the table. In one of his letters to his steward, Sotcher, he writes—"Pray send us some two or three smoked haunches of venison and pork—get them from the Swedes; also some smoked shads and beefs," adding with delicious unction,—"the old priest at Philadelphia had rare shads."

For travelling, the family had a large coach, but in consequence of the badness of the roads, even those between Pennsbury and Philadelphia, it was seldom used,—a calash in which they chiefly drove about,—and a sedan chair in which Hannah and Letty went a shopping in the city, or to pay visits of ceremony to their female acquaintance in the near neighborhood. The governor himself went about the country on horseback, and from one settlement to another in his yacht. He retained the passion for boating, which he had acquired at Oxford, to the last; and that love of fine horses which the Englishman shares with the Arab did not forsake him in the New World. At his first visit to America he carried over three blood mares, a fine white horse not of full breed, and other inferior animals, not for breed-

ing but for labor. His inquiries about the mares were as frequent and minute as those about the gardens; and when he went out for the second time, in 1699, he took with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree. Yet Tamerlane himself could not win his master's affections from his yacht, a fine vessel of six oars, with a regular crew, who received their wages as such—and well deserved them while the governor was in the country. In giving some directions about his house and effects after his return to England, he writes of this yacht—"but above all dead things, I hope nobody uses her on any account, and that she is kept in a dry dock, or at least covered from the weather."

The dress and habits of the Penns at Pennsbury had as little of the sourness and formality which have been ascribed to the early followers of George Fox as the mansion and its furnishings. There was nothing to mark them as different to most well-bred families of high rank in England and America at the present day. Pennsbury was renowned throughout the country for its judicious hospitalities. The ladies dressed like gentlewomen,—wore caps and buckles, silk gowns, and golden ornaments. Penn had no less than four wigs in America, all purchased in the same year, at a cost of nearly twenty pounds. To innocent dances and country fairs he not only made no objection, but countenanced them by his own and his family's presence. His participation in the sports of the aborigines has been referred to already. Those gentler charities which had distinguished him in England continued to distinguish him in Pennsylvania; he released the poor debtor from prison,—he supported out of his private purse the sick and the destitute,—many of the aged who were beyond labor and without friends were regular pensioners on his bounty to the extent of six shillings a fortnight,—and there were numerous persons about him whom he had rescued from distress in England, and whom he supported wholly or in part until their own industry made them independent of his assistance. Some of the best pages of his history were written in his private cash-books.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the National Academy on a second and third view, after the throng and glare of the first day's opening, amply sustains the promise by the initiated, of the year's labors. The Gallery, upon the whole, is of general excellence. There are poor pictures in it, as there always will be in an annual collection, and, indeed, in any large collection which is not thoroughly sifted by well educated fastidiousness, backed by immense wealth. Of these we do not care to speak. We have no delight in the humor which is extorted from the failures of untrained art. What we would willingly not see in the reality we have no desire to dwell upon in description. It is the merit of a fine painting, as of a beautiful woman, that we can see no deformity in her presence. Our eyes can wander to no other object.

As usual with the recent exhibitions, the most important portion of this year's gallery is the department of landscape, which is at once the most truly American and the best cultivated by our artists. It is neither Rome, nor Dusseldorf, nor Old Masters, but the fresh virgin soil. You get here the characteristics of our northern skies, and fields, and

harvests. You look beyond the meadows and impracticable American farm-houses, now found to be practicable by Church or Cropsey, upon well known ranges of blue and purple hills. That distance yonder is the White Mountains. This foreground, delicate in foliage with the mosses and lichens on its cool rocks, is from the pencil of Kensett. This sunshiny spring tenderness dappled with eye-inviting shade and warm with grazing cattle, in the unruffled morning, stilled noon-day, or tranquil eve, breathes the atmosphere of nature—the outer nature and the deep gentleness of Durand. Huntington is less literal; he deals courageously with landscapes, and tosses his boulders and mountain masses; but there is method in his vigor, and the result, on sea shore or rugged defile, is well assured power. Other names come at call. Casilear, fresh and natural in his cabinet compositions; Richards, one of the best travelled on our home soil of them all, one of the few at home in the South, and who catches in his best works a sylvan grace of his own; Gifford, Cranch, and other select attendants of the woods and fields.

The favorites among Durand's eight contributions, all of which, however, preserve his best characteristics of warmth and quiet, are, with the Catskill foreground, with birch and hemlock, in the large hall, two golden hued landscapes in the second room of an idealized rural feeling wandering among brooks, broken upland, vistas of green and shade with sheep and cattle diversified in the foreground. A picture, No. 183 in the catalogue, "The Two Oaks," in elaborate finish and variety of color, is an agreeable addition by the President of the Academy to his more uniform style. Mr. Kensett's specialties are the two compositions "The Indian Rendezvous" and "Holiday in the Woods," marked by a massiveness and breadth of effect, and in the latter a freshness of tone in advance upon his previous manner in his larger paintings. His sketches, here and there, in the rooms always arrest the visitor. The view from "Mount Desert Island," by Church, seizes upon those glowing metallic bars, rare and gorgeous in color, which lie along the summer sunset, with a depth of view which carries the eye far to seaward. It is a strong and truthful picture, with more imagination in its reality than the effort at the Deluge by the same artist. The picture is weakened by the feebleness of the accessories. There is a crumpling effect of the rocks, more like the dilapidation of a stack of chimneys than the vast Neptunian movements of the early world. The prettiness of the eagle and the group on the rocks withdraws from the sublimities of the theme. Had Mr. Church seen the deluge, he would no doubt have painted it to better advantage. Huntington's "Edge of a Wood" is a composition fine in feeling and form, but looking more to the Old Masters in color than to particular nature. Mr. Cropsey gives us a composition of Italian scenery, recalling the later exhibitions of Cole very strongly. His picture of "The Cove," a mountain gorge in a storm, is handled with freedom and effect. "Table Rock," by Muller, in the same apartment, has the Dusseldorf manner. Mr. Gignoux's "Sunset in Winter," with some few faults in the accessories, is handled with effect. In this department Mr. G., we believe, has no superior at present, either home or abroad.

THE PORTRAITS of the exhibition are amply sustained by Hicks, Elliott, Gray, Huntington, Cafferty, Rossiter, Osgood, G. A. Baker, the Flaggs, and others. Hicks maintains the ground taken in his portrait of Dr. Johnson of last year,



in the strength and vigor of the "Aztec Princess," and several heads favorably developing these traits. Elliott's ease and mastery of the pencil are well displayed in the portraits of ladies, a gallant branch of the art, which he has this year mostly to himself. Vanderlyn appears in the field with a full length of General Taylor, for the Common Council, which is contrasted in treatment—the plain and simple civilian—with the General Scott, in high military gusto, by Kellogg, destined for the same city gallery.

Among the grave pictures, historical compositions, &c., the first glance on entering the rooms is given to Mr. Rossiter's Three Ideals of Intellectual, Moral, and Physical beauty; a picture which cannot be said to meet the imaginative demands of the programme. With merit in the color, the conception is thin and Frenchy. A small cabinet picture, "Expectancy," is well put together in a more satisfactory style. Among Mr. Rossiter's pictures the visitor will notice "Devotion" and "Judith." A sketch of an "Angel" by Freeman, for a composition of the Maries at the Tomb, has a mystic element which very happily idealizes the treatment. Edmonds gives us an illustration of Burns, "What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" where gout and elasticity, imbecility and contempt, are capitally rendered. Mount has a portrait of a Fiddler and an out-of-door scene over a grindstone, in both of which character is well preserved, with little help in the latter picture from color. Mr. Rothermel has dramatic effect in "Murray's Defence of Toleration." Mr. J. Flagg, delicate painting in "Paul before Felix." There is worthy American feeling in Mr. Thompson's "Thanksgiving Dinner." Mr. Stearns selects a characteristic scene in American history in his "Tecumseh and Harrison in council." The "Mountain Maid" by Peele is in his happy vein for childhood and rural life.

A new room contains several crayon drawings of interest by Duggan, Colyer, Martin, and others.

Sculpture is represented by a single head, a "bust of a child," by Palmer of Albany, careful and elaborate in detail, with a fine ideal sentiment.

Several foreign works are of no slight interest. Two original drawings by Overbeck of Scenes in the Life of the Saviour; a marine view by Achenbach; two landscapes by Koekkoek; a cattle-piece by the English Cooper, with a coast scene by Stanfield; a water-color; a Gipsy party by Maclellan; Sheep by Robbe of Brussels; afford an unusual opportunity—we wish it were more frequent—of studying the works of several of the best living artists of England and the continent.

#### VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

#### THE ELEVEN TRIADS.

##### TRIAD I.

Three Furies are there, Fear, Remorse, and Hate,  
That vex with iron hands our mortal state,  
Yet are they guardians of a heavenly gate.

##### TRIAD II.

Three Graces are our stars, Love, Beauty, Truth,  
Primeval sisters, bright in endless youth,  
That cheer man's slavish toils with Peace and Ruth.

##### TRIAD III.

Young Abel lies a wreck in childless death;  
Cain withers in his own envenomed breath;  
Yet hopeful Eve is yearning still for Seth.

##### TRIAD IV.

Faith, Hope, and Love together work in gloom;  
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,  
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.

##### TRIAD V.

To hide the life of man in leprous crust,  
Three Gorgons are there, bred from Hell's dark lust,  
Potent of death—Despair, Self-scorn, Distrust.

##### TRIAD VI.

The Rain that wets the summer leaves,  
The Beam that dries, the Wind that heaves,  
Each gives a charm and each receives.

##### TRIAD VII.

Three Destinies are throned o'er all supreme,  
Life, Death, and Growth. Wide shapes of cloud  
they seem,  
Yet rule each starry age, and moment's dream.

##### TRIAD VIII.

Thought, Feeling, Will—by these myself I know.  
Not some thin vision's transitory show,  
Not slave, but subject of all joy and woe.

##### TRIAD IX.

Three Nations are there in the world of old  
Who from their graves all earth's dominions hold:  
The Jew devout, wise Greek, and Roman bold.

##### TRIAD X.

Three Growths from seeds without man's call appear,  
Grain, Flower, and Tree; one gives his body's cheer;  
One decks his bride; one yields his roof and bier.

##### TRIAD XI.

Prose, Song, and Gabble, are three modes of speech,  
The only ones on earth for all and each,  
Sense, Essence, Nonsense, as they can, to teach.

THE KING OF THE BILL-STICKERS [*a gentleman in the interior of an Advertising Van, whose acquaintance Mr. Dickens makes for the purpose of discussing the statistics of his profession for the Household Words*].—Lifting up my eyes I beheld advancing towards me (I was then on Cornhill near to the Royal Exchange) a solemn procession of three advertising vans, of first-class dimensions, each drawn by a very little horse. As the cavalcade approached, I was at a loss to reconcile the careless deportment of the drivers of these vehicles, with the terrific announcements they conducted through the city, which, being a summary of the contents of a Sunday newspaper, were of the most thrilling kind. Robbery, fire, murder, and the ruin of the united kingdom—each discharged in a line by itself, like a separate broadside of red-hot shot—were among the least of the warnings addressed to an unthinking people. Yet, the Ministers of Fate who drove the awful cars, leaned forward with their arms upon their knees in a state of extreme lassitude, for want of any subject of interest. The first man, whose hair I might naturally have expected to see standing on end, scratched his head—one of the smoothest I ever beheld—with profound indifference. The second whistled. The third yawned.

Pausing to dwell upon this apathy, it appeared to me, as the fatal cars came by me, that I described in the second car, through the portal in which the charioteer was seated, a figure stretched upon the floor. At the same time, I thought I smelt tobacco. The latter impression passed quickly from me; the former remained. Curious to know whether this prostrate figure was the one impressive man of the whole capital who had been stricken insensible by the terrors revealed to him, and whose form had been placed in the car by the charioteer from motives of humanity, I followed the procession. It turned into Leadenhall-market, and halted at a public house. Each driver dismounted. I then distinctly heard, proceeding

from the second car, where I had dimly seen the prostrate form, the words:

"And a pipe!"

The driver entering the public house with his fellows, apparently for purposes of refreshment, I could not refrain from mounting on the shaft of the second vehicle, and looking in at the portal. I then beheld, reclining on his back upon the floor, on a kind of mattress or divan, a little man in a shooting-coat. The exclamation "Dear me!" which irresistibly escaped my lips, caused him to sit upright, and survey me. I found him to be a good-looking little man of about fifty, with a shining face, a tight head, a bright eye, a moist wink, a quick speech, and a ready air. He had something of a sporting way with him.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, until the driver displaced me by handing in a pint of beer, a pipe, and what I understand is called "a screw" of tobacco—an object which has the appearance of a curl-paper taken off the barmaid's head, with the curl in it.

"I beg your pardon," said I, when the removed person of the driver again admitted of my presenting my face at the portal. "But—excuse my curiosity, which I inherit from my mother—do you live here?"

"That's good, too!" returned the little man, composedly laying aside a pipe he had smoked out, and filling the pipe just brought to him.

"Oh, you *don't* live here, then?" said I.

He shook his head, as he calmly lighted his pipe by means of a German tinder-box, and replied, "This is my carriage. When things are flat, I take a ride sometimes, and enjoy myself. I am the inventor of these wans."

His pipe was now alight. He drank his beer all at once, and he smoked and he smiled at me.

"It was a great idea!" said I.

"Not so bad," returned the little man, with the modesty of merit.

"Might I be permitted to inscribe your name upon the tablets of my memory?" I asked.

"There's not much odds in the name," returned the little man,—"no name particular—I am the King of the Bill-Stickers."

"Good gracious!" said I.

The monarch informed me, with a smile, that he had never been crowned or installed with any public ceremonies, but that he was peaceably acknowledged as King of the Bill-Stickers in right of being the oldest and most respected member of "the old school of bill-sticking." He likewise gave me to understand that there was a Lord Mayor of the Bill-Stickers, whose genius was chiefly exercised within the limits of the city. He made allusion, also, to an inferior potentate, called "Turkey-legs;" but I did not understand that this gentleman was invested with much power. I rather inferred that he derived his title from some peculiarity of gait, and that it was of an honorary character.

"My father," pursued the King of the Bill-Stickers, "was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. My father stuck bills at the time of the riots of London."

"You must be acquainted with the whole subject of bill-sticking, from that time to the present?" said I.

"Pretty well so," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said I; "but I am a sort of collector —"

"Not Income-tax?" cried His Majesty, hastily removing his pipe from his lips.

"No, no," said I.

"Water-rate?" said His Majesty.

"No, no," I returned.

"Gas? Assessed? Sewers?" said His Majesty.

"You misunderstand me," I replied soothingly. "Not that sort of collector at all: a collector of facts."

"Oh! if it's only facts," cried the King of the Bill-Stickers, recovering his good humor, and

banishing the great mistrust that had suddenly fallen upon him, "come in and welcome! If it had been income, or winders, I think I should have pitched you out of the wan, upon any soul!"

Readily complying with the invitation, I squeezed myself in at the small aperture. His Majesty, graciously handing me a little three-legged stool on which I took my seat in a corner, inquired if I smoked?

"I do;—that is, I can," I answered.

"Pipe and a screw!" said His Majesty to the attendant charioteer. "Do you prefer a dry smoke, or do you moisten it?"

As unmitigated tobacco produces most disturbing effects upon my system (indeed, if I had perfect moral courage, I doubt if I should smoke at all, under any circumstances), I advocated moisture, and begged the Sovereign of the Bill-Stickers to name his usual liquor, and to concede to me the privilege of paying for it. After some delicate reluctance on his part, we were provided, through the instrumentality of the attendant charioteer, with a can of cold rum and water, flavored with sugar and lemon. We were also furnished with a tumbler, and I was provided with a pipe. His Majesty, then, observing that we might combine business with conversation, gave the word for the car to proceed; and, to my great delight, we jogged away at a foot pace.

**LITERARY HUMILITY.**—Southey, to be sure, fancied that he hated incense, and yet his published works and private letters are full of self-flattery. While the public were bidding him to go and sit down lower, he was placing himself in one of the highest rooms. This can never be decent. Accius the poet, a little man, put up a huge statue of the diminutive original in the Temple of Muses, and though Accius had been Virgil, the vanity of the act would have tarnished his renown. "If" remarks Dryden, "a man speaks ever so little of himself, in my opinion that little is too much." "The less you say of your own greatness," observed Bacon to Coke, "the more I shall think of it." Homility is the shading which gives lustre to excellence. The actor who applauded his own performance would run a risk of being laughed at or hissed by the audience.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

**MRS. PARTINGTON'S QUERIES.**—Whether Mason & Dixon's line was a line of stage coaches or steam packets?

What sort of curiosities does President Fillmore's Cabinet contain?

Whether the Powder Magazine contains any good reading on the subject of ladies' dresses?

Whether the Pope is going to roam all over the world before he dies?

Whether his bulls are as ferocious as ever?

Were the liberty poles which were recently cut to pieces in Paris, the last of that noble race?

Is the United States Mint any better for juleps than the common mint?

Has the "Double Eagle" two pair of wings or not?

Do dead letters ever revive after reaching the General Post Office?

Do navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes—or is it only in cold regions?

**OUTLINE FOR A POEM ON NOAH AND THE DELUGE.**—Of all subjects this is the most magnificent. This is the work with which I would attempt to introduce hexameters into our language. A scattered party of fifty or a hundred do nothing; but if I march a regular army of some thousands into the country, well disciplined, and on a good plan, they will effect their establishment. My plan should be sketched before I have read Bodmer's poem; then, if his work be not above mediocrity, it may be melted at my convenience into mine. For the philosophy, Burnett's theory is the finest possible; for machinery, the Rabbis must give it me, and the Talmuds are in requisition. The feelings must be interested for some of those who perished in the waters. A maiden withheld from the ark by maternal love, and her betrothed self-sacrificed with her. Their deaths and consequent

beatitude may be deeply affecting. In the despotism that has degraded the world, and made it fit only for destruction, there is room for strong painting. The Anakim have once already destroyed mankind.—*Southey's Commonplace Book.*

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

**IDENTITY OF IDEA.**—A French caricature represents Louis Napoleon trying on a crown, which has slipped over his face, upon which he remarks—*truly my uncle had a greater head than I!* At a recent public meeting somewhere in New England, a sentiment was given something like this:—The honorable Mr. A., the mantle of his father has fallen upon him and smothered him!

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE entire copyrights of the works of Sir Walter Scott, including the Life by Lockhart, with the steel plates, woodcuts, stereotype plates of the Abbotsford and other editions, with the stock in hand, were offered at auction in London on the 26th ult., by the trustees of the late Robert Cadell. The whole was put up in one lot, the purchaser to be compelled to take the entire of the printed stock, amounting in price to upwards of £10,000. It was anticipated that the bidding would be very spirited. "Authors," says the *Athenæum* of the previous week, "advent with a sort of professional pride to the enormous sale which the works have already obtained; realizing a fortune of some £130,000 for one publisher alone,—and this when the books themselves had been long in the market, and their author was a bankrupt. The rumor runs that the Row will hardly venture into the market; and that the biddings towards the last will lie with Mr. Tegg, and some combination of printers and paper-makers. The value of the copyrights consists, it is said (we give but gossip), not so much in the stereotype and remaining stock, as in the probable profits of a new and cheap edition of each novel, at half a crown, well printed and well papered; and of a good library edition to supplant, in all choice libraries, the forty-eight volume edition now the best existing." The auction sale, however, was not carried out, the price falling short of the terms of the trustees. Amongst the bidders were the Messrs. Longman, Mr. Virtue, and Mr. Boyd (one of the firm of Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh), and the largest amount offered was £14,500; a pretty fair investment at that, coupled, we presume, with the rider of the £10,000 stock in hand; but the terms were thought insufficient, and the extensive lot was bought in for £15,000 by the agent of the vendors. A division into lots had been contemplated, but it was not made.

Mr. Disturnell of this city, we learn from his Circular, is advancing in his establishment of a Geographical and Statistical Library, convenient of access to the business community, where will be found all kinds of Atlases, Maps, Globes, Charts, Gazetteers, Registers, Directories, Public Documents, &c., &c.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia, will issue during the present year, two very important Poetical Works. The Practical Model Calculator, for the Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Naval Architect, Miner, Millwright, &c.; various original and most useful rules in Mechanical Science, divested of mathematical complexity, and well adapted for mechanical calculations, will be found throughout this work. It will be illustrated with numerous engravings on wood; and contain a full and convenient summary of all that is useful to practical men, students, apprentices, and amateurs; as well as concise rules, accurate results, and useful tables. The other work is a Practical Treatise on the American Steam Engine, with its Application to Arts, Manufactures, Mines, and Navigation; containing all the improvements up to the present day;

illustrated by numerous wood engravings, and thirty-six large plates. This work will contain, in the aggregate, all that can be desired on the theory and practice of the steam-engine, and promises to be the most valuable yet proposed. It will be of a truly practical character. These two books are being written by that justly celebrated mathematical and mechanical author, Oliver Byrne, editor of the "Dictionary of Machines, Mechanics, Engineering, and Engineering;" author of the "Companion for Mechanics," &c.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 5TH TO THE 19TH OF APRIL.

- Anne Grey: a Novel. 8vo. pp. 320 (Stringer & Townsend).  
 Beaumont: a Franconia Story. 18mo. pp. 211 (Harper & Brothers).  
 Clifford (F.)—The Present Age: or, Men and Manners. 12mo. pp. 38 (Dewitt & Davenport).  
 Clare (Marie J.)—The Trial. 12mo. pp. 70 (Albany, E. H. Fense).  
 Davis (C. A.)—Report of the Proceedings at the Examination of, on a Charge of Aiding and Abetting in the Rescue of a Fugitive Slave. 8vo. pp. 44 (Boston, White & Potter, print.).  
 Dream Chintz. 18mo. pp. 106 (Boston, James Munroe & Co.).  
 Grote (G.)—History of Greece. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 419 (Boston, J. P. Jewett & Co.).  
 Greene (B. F.)—Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce. An Address delivered at the Annual Exhibition of the Rens. Co. Agricultural Society, near the city of Troy, Sept. 28, 1850. 8vo. pp. 16 (Troy, N.Y.).  
 Gilbert (J. W.)—A Practical Treatise on Banking. 8vo. pp. 438 (G. P. Putnam).  
 Goethe.—Wilhelm Meister. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 422, 495 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).  
 Golden Sands of Mexico, and True Riches. Illustrated by Croome. 12mo. pp. 211 (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).  
 Iconographic Encyclopedia. Part XVIII. 8vo. (R. Gar- riger).  
 Jones (D. E.)—Temple Melodies, for Public, Social, and Private Worship. 8vo. pp. 316 (Mason & Law).  
 James (G. P. R.)—The Commissioner. 8vo. pp. 212 (Harper & Bros.).  
 McIntosh (W. P.)—Ballads and Songs. 12mo. pp. 364. (T. W. Strong).  
 McCord (Louis S.)—Caius Gracchus. A Tragedy, in five acts. 12mo. pp. 128. (Kernot).  
 North American Review, No. 151, April, 1851. (Boston, Little & Brown).  
 Paine (D.)—The Jenny Lind Glee Book; consisting of the most popular Songs sung by M<sup>lle</sup> Jenny Lind. Also, Madrigals, Glee, &c. from distinguished authors. Obl. 4to. pp. 224. (Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.).  
 Richard of York; or, the White Rose of England. An Historical Romance. 8vo. pp. 272. (Stringer & Townsend).  
 Rangers (The); or, the Tory's Daughter. A Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 329. (Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.).  
 Ruskin (John).—Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds. 8vo. pp. 38 (John Wiley).  
 Rose Douglass; or, the Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter. By S. R. W. 12mo. pp. 372. (Appleton & Co.).  
 Reichenbach (C. M.)—Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemistry, in their Relation to Vital Force. Edited by J. Ashburner, M.D. 16mo. pp. 456. (J. S. Redfield).  
 Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, 35 and 36—Lear, Romeo & Juliet. 8vo. illustr. (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.).  
 Tuckerman (H. T.)—Characteristics of Literature, Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Writers. 12mo. pp. 282. (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).  
 The New Dido. No. 3. 12mo. pp. 28. (H. Kernot).

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steps forming the descent from the higher terrace to the lower. The woods in the vicinity were laid out with walks and drives; the old forest trees were carefully preserved; the most beautiful wild flowers found in the country were transplanted to his gardens; trees and shrubs not indigenous to the soil were imported from Maryland; while walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, and various kinds of fruit-trees, seeds, and roots, were sent for to England.

The furnishing of Pennsbury was to match. Mahogany was a luxury then unknown; but his spider tables and high-backed carved chairs were of the finest oak. An inventory of the furniture is still extant; there were a set of Turkey worked chairs, arm-chairs for ease, and couches with plush and satin cushions for luxury and beauty. In the parlor stood the great leather chair of the proprietor; in every room were found cushions and curtains of satin, camlet, damask, and striped linen; and there is a carpet mentioned as being in one apartment, though at that period such an article was hardly ever seen except in the palaces of Kings. His sideboard furniture was also that of a gentleman; it included a service of silver,—plain but massive,—blue and white china, a complete set of Tonbridge ware, and a great quantity of damask table-cloths and fine napkins. The table was served as became his rank, plainly but plentifully. Ann Nichols was his cook; and he used to observe in his pleasantry—"Ah, the book of cookery has outgrown the Bible, and I fear is read oftener—to be sure it is of more use." But he was no favorer of excess, because, as he said, "it destroys hospitality and wrongs the poor." The French cuisine, then in great vogue, was a subject of his frequent ridicule.—"The sauce is now prepared before the meat," says he, in his maxims, "twelve penny worth of flesh with five shillings of cookery may happen to make a fashionable dish. Plain beef and mutton is become dull food; but by the time its natural relish is lost in the crowd of cook's ingredients, and the meat sufficiently disguised from the eaters, it passes under a French name for a rare dish." His cellars were well stocked; Canary, claret, sack, and Madeira being the favorite wines consumed by his family and their guests. Besides these nobler drinks there was a plentiful supply, on all occasions of Indian or general festivity, of ale and cider. Penn's own wine seems to have been Madeira; and he certainly had no dislike to the temperate pleasures of the table. In one of his letters to his steward, Socher, he writes—"Pray send us some two or three smoked haunches of venison and pork—get them from the Swedes; also some smoked shads and beefs," adding with delicious unction—"the old priest at Philadelphia had rare shads."

For travelling, the family had a large coach, but in consequence of the badness of the roads, even those between Pennsbury and Philadelphia, it was seldom used,—a calash in which they chiefly drove about,—and a sedan chair in which Hannah and Letty went a shopping in the city, or to pay visits of ceremony to their female acquaintances in the near neighborhood. The governor himself went about the country on horseback, and from one settlement to another in his yacht. He retained the passion for boating, which he had acquired at Oxford, to the last; and that love of fine horses which the Englishman shares with the Arab did not forsake him in the New World. At his first visit to America he carried over three blood mares, a fine white horse not of full breed, and other inferior animals, not for breed-

ing but for labor. His inquiries about the mares were as frequent and minute as those about the gardens; and when he went out for the second time, in 1699, he took with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree. Yet Tamerlane himself could not win his master's affections from his yacht, a fine vessel of six oars, with a regular crew, who received their wages as such—and well deserved them while the governor was in the country. In giving some directions about his house and effects after his return to England, he writes of this yacht—"but above all dead things, I hope nobody uses her on any account, and that she is kept in a dry dock, or at least covered from the weather."

The dress and habits of the Penns at Pennsbury had as little of the sourness and formality which have been ascribed to the early followers of George Fox as the mansion and its furnishings. There was nothing to mark them as different to most well-bred families of high rank in England and America at the present day. Pennsbury was renowned throughout the country for its judicious hospitalities. The ladies dressed like gentlewomen,—wore caps and buckles, silk gowns, and golden ornaments. Penn had no less than four wigs in America, all purchased in the same year, at a cost of nearly twenty pounds. To innocent dances and country fairs he not only made no objection, but countenanced them by his own and his family's presence. His participation in the sports of the aborigines has been referred to already. Those gentler charities which had distinguished him in England continued to distinguish him in Pennsylvania; he released the poor debtor from prison,—he supported out of his private purse the sick and the destitute,—many of the aged who were beyond labor and without friends were regular pensioners on his bounty to the extent of six shillings a fortnight,—and there were numerous persons about him whom he had rescued from distress in England, and whom he supported wholly or in part until their own industry made them independent of his assistance. Some of the best pages of his history were written in his private cash-books.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the National Academy on a second and third view, after the throng and glare of the first day's opening, amply sustains the promise by the initiated, of the year's labors. The Gallery, upon the whole, is of general excellence. There are poor pictures in it, as there always will be in an annual collection, and, indeed, in any large collection which is not thoroughly sifted by well educated fastidiousness, backed by immense wealth. Of these we do not care to speak. We have no delight in the humor which is extorted from the failures of untrained art. What we would willingly not see in the reality we have no desire to dwell upon in description. It is the merit of a fine painting, as of a beautiful woman, that we can see no deformity in her presence. Our eyes can wander to no other object.

As usual with the recent exhibitions, the most important portion of this year's gallery is the department of landscape, which is at once the most truly American and the best cultivated by our artists. It is neither Rome, nor Dusseldorf, nor Old Masters, but the fresh virgin soil. You get here the characteristics of our northern skies, and fields, and

harvests. You look beyond the meadows and impracticable American farm-houses, now found to be practicable by Church or Cropsey, upon well known ranges of blue and purple hills. That distance yonder is the White Mountains. This foreground, delicate in foliage with the mosses and lichens on its cool rocks, is from the pencil of Kensett. This sunshiny spring tenderness dappled with eye-inviting shade and warm with grazing cattle, in the unruffled morning, stilled noon-day, or tranquil eve, breathes the atmosphere of nature—the outer nature and the deep gentleness of Durand. Huntington is less literal; he deals courageously with landscapes, and tosses his boulders and mountain masses; but there is method in his vigor, and the result, on sea shore or rugged defile, is well assured power. Other names come at call. Casilear, fresh and natural in his cabinet compositions; Richards, one of the best travelled on our home soil of them all, one of the few at home in the South, and who catches in his best works a sylvan grace of his own; Gifford, Cranch, and other select attendants of the woods and fields.

The favorites among Durand's eight contributions, all of which, however, preserve his best characteristics of warmth and quiet, are, with the Catskill foreground, with birch and hemlock, in the large hall, two golden hued landscapes in the second room of an idealized rural feeling wandering among brooks, broken upland, vistas of green and shade with sheep and cattle diversified in the foreground. A picture, No. 183 in the catalogue, "The Two Oaks," in elaborate finish and variety of color, is an agreeable addition by the President of the Academy to his more uniform style. Mr. Kensett's specialties are the two compositions "The Indian Rendezvous" and "Holiday in the Woods," marked by a massiveness and breadth of effect, and in the latter a freshness of tone in advance upon his previous manner in his larger paintings. His sketches, here and there, in the rooms always arrest the visitor. The view from "Mount Desert Island," by Church, seizes upon those glowing metallic bars, rare and gorgeous in color, which lie along the summer sunset, with a depth of view which carries the eye far to seaward. It is a strong and truthful picture, with more imagination in its reality than the effort at the Deluge by the same artist. The picture is weakened by the feebleness of the accessories. There is a crumpling effect of the rocks, more like the dilapidation of a stack of chimneys than the vast Neptunian movements of the early world. The prettiness of the eagle and the group on the rocks withdraws from the sublimities of the theme. Had Mr. Church seen the deluge, he would no doubt have painted it to better advantage. Huntington's "Edge of a Wood" is a composition fine in feeling and form, but looking more to the Old Masters in color than to particular nature. Mr. Cropsey gives us a composition of Italian scenery, recalling the later exhibitions of Cole very strongly. His picture of "The Cove," a mountain gorge in a storm, is handled with freedom and effect. "Table Rock," by Muller, in the same apartment, has the Dusseldorf manner. Mr. Gignoux's "Sunset in Winter," with some few faults in the accessories, is handled with effect. In this department Mr. G., we believe, has no superior at present, either home or abroad.

THE PORTRAITS of the exhibition are amply sustained by Hicks, Elliott, Gray, Huntington, Cafferty, Rossiter, Osgood, G. A. Baker, the Flaggs, and others. Hicks maintains the ground taken in his portrait of Dr. Johnson of last year,



in the strength and vigor of the "Aztec Princess," and several heads favorably developing these traits. Elliott's ease and mastery of the pencil are well displayed in the portraits of ladies, a gallant branch of the art, which he has this year mostly to himself. Vanderlyn appears in the field with a full length of General Taylor, for the Common Council, which is contrasted in treatment—the plain and simple civilian—with the General Scott, in high military gusto, by Kellogg, destined for the same city gallery.

Among the grave pictures, historical compositions, &c., the first glance on entering the rooms is given to Mr. Rossiter's Three Ideals of Intellectual, Moral, and Physical beauty; a picture which cannot be said to meet the imaginative demands of the programme. With merit in the color, the conception is thin and Frenchy. A small cabinet picture, "Expectancy," is well put together in a more satisfactory style. Among Mr. Rossiter's pictures the visitor will notice "Devotion" and "Judith." A sketch of an "Angel" by Freeman, for a composition of the Maries at the Tomb, has a mystic element which very happily idealizes the treatment. Edmonds gives us an illustration of Burns, "What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" where gout and elasticity, imbecility and contempt, are capitally rendered. Mount has a portrait of a Fiddler and an out-of-door scene over a grindstone, in both of which character is well preserved, with little help in the latter picture from color. Mr. Rothermel has dramatic effect in "Murray's Defence of Toleration." Mr. J. Flagg, delicate painting in "Paul before Felix." There is worthy American feeling in Mr. Thompson's "Thanksgiving Dinner." Mr. Stearns selects a characteristic scene in American history in his "Tecumseh and Harrison in council." The "Mountain Maid" by Peele is in his happy vein for childhood and rural life.

A new room contains several crayon drawings of interest by Duggan, Colyer, Martin, and others.

Sculpture is represented by a single head, a "bust of a child," by Palmer of Albany, careful and elaborate in detail, with a fine ideal sentiment.

Several foreign works are of no slight interest. Two original drawings by Overbeck of Scenes in the Life of the Saviour; a marine view by Achenbach; two landscapes by Koekkoek; a cattle-piece by the English Cooper, with a coast scene by Stanfield; a water-color; a Gipsy party by Maclise; Sheep by Robbe of Brussels; afford an unusual opportunity—we wish it were more frequent—of studying the works of several of the best living artists of England and the continent.

#### VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

#### THE ELEVEN TRIADS.

##### TRIAD I.

THREE Furies are there, Fear, Remorse, and Hate,  
That vex with iron hands our mortal state,  
Yet are they guardians of a heavenly gate.

##### TRIAD II.

Three Graces are our stars, Love, Beauty, Truth,  
Primeval sisters, bright in endless youth,  
That cheer man's slavish toils with Peace and Ruth.

##### TRIAD III.

Young Abel lies a wreck in childless death;  
Cain withers in his own envenomed breath;  
Yet hopeful Eve is yearning still for Seth.

##### TRIAD IV.

Faith, Hope, and Love together work in gloom;  
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,  
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.

##### TRIAD V.

To hide the life of man in leprous crust,  
Three Gorgons are there, bred from Hell's dark lust,  
Potent of death—Despair, Self-scorn, Distrust.

##### TRIAD VI.

The Rain that wets the summer leaves,  
The Beam that dries, the Wind that heaves,  
Each gives a charm and each receives.

##### TRIAD VII.

Three Destinies are throned o'er all supreme,  
Life, Death, and Growth. Wide shapes of cloud  
they seem,  
Yet rule each starry age, and moment's dream.

##### TRIAD VIII.

Thought, Feeling, Will—by these myself I know.  
Not some thin vision's transitory show,  
Not slave, but subject of all joy and woe.

##### TRIAD IX.

Three Nations are there in the world of old  
Who from their graves all earth's dominions hold:  
The Jew devout, wise Greek, and Roman bold.

##### TRIAD X.

Three Growths from seeds without man's call appear,  
Grain, Flower, and Tree; one gives his body's cheer;  
One decks his bride; one yields his roof and bier.

##### TRIAD XI.

Prose, Song, and Gabble, are three modes of speech,  
The only ones on earth for all and each,  
Sense, Essence, Nonsense, as they can, to teach.

THE KING OF THE BILL-STICKERS [a gentleman in the interior of an Advertising Van, whose acquaintance Mr. Dickens makes for the purpose of discussing the statistics of his profession for the Household Words].—Lifting up my eyes I beheld advancing towards me (I was then on Cornhill near to the Royal Exchange) a solemn procession of three advertising vans, of first-class dimensions, each drawn by a very little horse. As the cavalcade approached, I was at a loss to reconcile the careless deportment of the drivers of these vehicles, with the terrific announcements they conducted through the city, which, being a summary of the contents of a Sunday newspaper, were of the most thrilling kind. Robbery, fire, murder, and the ruin of the united kingdom—each discharged in a line by itself, like a separate broadside of red-hot shot—were among the least of the warnings addressed to an unthinking people. Yet, the Ministers of Fate who drove the awful cars, leaned forward with their arms upon their knees in a state of extreme lassitude, for want of any subject of interest. The first man, whose hair I might naturally have expected to see standing on end, scratched his head—one of the smoothest I ever beheld—with profound indifference. The second whistled. The third yawned.

Pausing to dwell upon this apathy, it appeared to me, as the fatal cars came by me, that I descried in the second car, through the portal in which the charioteer was seated, a figure stretched upon the floor. At the same time, I thought I smelt tobacco. The latter impression passed quickly from me; the former remained. Curious to know whether this prostrate figure was the one impressive man of the whole capital who had been stricken insensible by the terrors revealed to him, and whose form had been placed in the car by the charioteer from motives of humanity, I followed the procession. It turned into Leadenhall-market, and halted at a public house. Each driver dismounted. I then distinctly heard, proceeding

from the second car, where I had dimly seen the prostrate form, the words:

"And a pipe!"

The driver entering the public house with his fellows, apparently for purposes of refreshment, I could not refrain from mounting on the shaft of the second vehicle, and looking in at the portal. I then beheld, reclining on his back upon the floor, on a kind of mattress or divan, a little man in a shooting-coat. The exclamation "Dear me!" which irresistibly escaped my lips, caused him to sit upright, and survey me. I found him to be a good-looking little man of about fifty, with a shining face, a tight head, a bright eye, a moist wink, a quick speech, and a ready air. He had something of a sporting way with him.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, until the driver displaced me by handing in a pint of beer, a pipe, and what I understand is called "a screw" of tobacco—an object which has the appearance of a curl-paper taken off the barmaid's head, with the curl in it.

"I beg your pardon," said I, when the removed person of the driver again admitted of my presenting my face at the portal. "But—excuse my curiosity, which I inherit from my mother—do you live here?"

"That's good, too!" returned the little man, composedly laying aside a pipe he had smoked out, and filling the pipe just brought to him.

"Oh, you *don't* live here, then?" said I.

He shook his head, as he calmly lighted his pipe by means of a German tinder-box, and replied, "This is my carriage. When things are flat, I take a ride sometimes, and enjoy myself. I am the inventor of these wans."

His pipe was now alight. He drank his beer all at once, and he smoked and he smiled at me.

"It was a great idea!" said I.

"Not so bad," returned the little man, with the modesty of merit.

"Might I be permitted to inscribe your name upon the tablets of my memory?" I asked.

"There's not much odds in the name," returned the little man, "—no name particular—I am the King of the Bill-Stickers."

"Good gracious!" said I.

The monarch informed me, with a smile, that he had never been crowned or installed with any public ceremonies, but that he was peaceably acknowledged as King of the Bill-Stickers in right of being the oldest and most respected member of "the old school of bill-sticking." He likewise gave me to understand that there was a Lord Mayor of the Bill-Stickers, whose genius was chiefly exercised within the limits of the city. He made allusion, also, to an inferior potentate, called "Turkey-legs;" but I did not understand that this gentleman was invested with much power. I rather inferred that he derived his title from some peculiarity of gait, and that it was of an honorary character.

"My father," pursued the King of the Bill-Stickers, "was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. My father stuck bills at the time of the riots of London."

"You must be acquainted with the whole subject of bill-sticking, from that time to the present!" said I.

"Pretty well so," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said I; "but I am a sort of collector —"

"Not Income-tax?" cried His Majesty, hastily removing his pipe from his lips.

"No, no," said I.

"Water-rate?" said His Majesty.

"No, no," I returned.

"Gas? Assessed? Sewers?" said His Majesty.

"You misunderstand me," I replied soothingly. "Not that sort of collector at all: a collector of facts."

"Oh! if it's only facts," cried the King of the Bill-Stickers, recovering his good humor, and

steps forming the descent from the higher terrace to the lower. The woods in the vicinity were laid out with walks and drives; the old forest trees were carefully preserved; the most beautiful wild flowers found in the country were transplanted to his gardens; trees and shrubs not indigenous to the soil were imported from Maryland; while walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, and various kinds of fruit-trees, seeds, and roots, were sent for to England.

The furnishing of Pennsbury was to match. Mahogany was a luxury then unknown; but his spider tables and high-backed carved chairs were of the finest oak. An inventory of the furniture is still extant; there were a set of Turkey worked chairs, arm-chairs for ease, and couches with plush and satin cushions for luxury and beauty. In the parlor stood the great leather chair of the proprietor; in every room were found cushions and curtains of satin, camlet, damask, and striped linen; and there is a carpet mentioned as being in one apartment, though at that period such an article was hardly ever seen except in the palaces of Kings. His sideboard furniture was also that of a gentleman; it included a service of silver,—plain but massive,—blue and white china, a complete set of Tonbridge ware, and a great quantity of damask table-cloths and fine napkins. The table was served as became his rank, plainly but plentifully. Ann Nichols was his cook; and he used to observe in his pleasantry—"Ah, the book of cookery has outgrown the Bible, and I fear is read oftener—to be sure it is of more use." But he was no favorer of excess, because, as he said, "it destroys hospitality and wrongs the poor." The French cuisine, then in great vogue, was a subject of his frequent ridicule.—"The sauce is now prepared before the meat," says he, in his maxims, "twelve penny worth of flesh with five shillings of cookery may happen to make a fashionable dish. Plain beef and mutton is become dull food; but by the time its natural relish is lost in the crowd of cook's ingredients, and the meat sufficiently disguised from the eaters, it passes under a French name for a rare dish." His cellars were well stocked; Canary, claret, sack, and Madeira being the favorite wines consumed by his family and their guests. Besides these nobler drinks there was a plentiful supply, on all occasions of Indian or general festivity, of ale and cider. Penn's own wine seems to have been Madeira; and he certainly had no dislike to the temperate pleasures of the table. In one of his letters to his steward, Sotcher, he writes—"Pray send us some two or three smoked haunches of venison and pork—get them from the Swedes; also some smoked shads and beefs," adding with delicious unction,—"the old priest at Philadelphia had rare shads."

For travelling, the family had a large coach, but in consequence of the badness of the roads, even those between Pennsbury and Philadelphia, it was seldom used,—a calash in which they chiefly drove about,—and a sedan chair in which Hannah and Letty went a shopping in the city, or to pay visits of ceremony to their female acquaintance in the near neighborhood. The governor himself went about the country on horseback, and from one settlement to another in his yacht. He retained the passion for boating, which he had acquired at Oxford, to the last; and that love of fine horses which the Englishman shares with the Arab did not forsake him in the New World. At his first visit to America he carried over three blood mares, a fine white horse not of full breed, and other inferior animals, not of breed-

ing but for labor. His inquiries about the mares were as frequent and minute as those about the gardens; and when he went out for the second time, in 1699, he took with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree. Yet Tamerlane himself could not win his master's affections from his yacht, a fine vessel of six oars, with a regular crew, who received their wages as such—and well deserved them while the governor was in the country. In giving some directions about his house and effects after his return to England, he writes of this yacht—"but above all dead things, I hope nobody uses her on any account, and that she is kept in a dry dock, or at least covered from the weather."

The dress and habits of the Penns at Pennsbury had as little of the sourness and formality which have been ascribed to the early followers of George Fox as the mansion and its furnishings. There was nothing to mark them as different to most well-bred families of high rank in England and America at the present day. Pennsbury was renowned throughout the country for its judicious hospitalities. The ladies dressed like gentlewomen,—wore caps and buckles, silk gowns, and golden ornaments. Penn had no less than four wigs in America, all purchased in the same year, at a cost of nearly twenty pounds. To innocent dances and country fairs he not only made no objection, but countenanced them by his own and his family's presence. His participation in the sports of the aborigines has been referred to already. Those gentler charities which had distinguished him in England continued to distinguish him in Pennsylvania; he released the poor debtor from prison,—he supported out of his private purse the sick and the destitute,—many of the aged who were beyond labor and without friends were regular pensioners on his bounty to the extent of six shillings a fortnight,—and there were numerous persons about him whom he had rescued from distress in England, and whom he supported wholly or in part until their own industry made them independent of his assistance. Some of the best pages of his history were written in his private cash-books.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the National Academy on a second and third view, after the throng and glare of the first day's opening, amply sustains the promise by the initiated, of the year's labors. The Gallery, upon the whole, is of general excellence. There are poor pictures in it, as there always will be in an annual collection, and, indeed, in any large collection which is not thoroughly sifted by well educated fastidiousness, backed by immense wealth. Of these we do not care to speak. We have no delight in the humor which is extorted from the failures of untrained art. What we would willingly not see in the reality we have no desire to dwell upon in description. It is the merit of a fine painting, as of a beautiful woman, that we can see no deformity in her presence. Our eyes can wander to no other object.

As usual with the recent exhibitions, the most important portion of this year's gallery is the department of landscape, which is at once the most truly American and the best cultivated by our artists. It is neither Rome, nor Dusseldorf, nor Old Masters, but the fresh virgin soil. You get here the characteristics of our northern skies, and fields, and

harvests. You look beyond the meadows and impracticable American farm-houses, now found to be practicable by Church or Cropsey, upon well known ranges of blue and purple hills. That distance yonder is the White Mountains. This foreground, delicate in foliage with the mosses and lichens on its cool rocks, is from the pencil of Kensett. This sunshiny spring tenderness dappled with eye-inviting shade and warm with grazing cattle, in the unruffled morning, stilled noon-day, or tranquil eve, breathes the atmosphere of nature—the outer nature and the deep gentleness of Durand. Huntington is less literal; he deals courageously with landscapes, and tosses his boulders and mountain masses; but there is method in his vigor, and the result, on sea shore or rugged defile, is well assured power. Other names come at call. Casilear, fresh and natural in his cabinet compositions; Richards, one of the best travelled on our home soil of them all, one of the few at home in the South, and who catches in his best works a sylvan grace of his own; Gifford, Cranch, and other select attendants of the woods and fields.

The favorites among Durand's eight contributions, all of which, however, preserve his best characteristics of warmth and quiet, are, with the Catskill foreground, with birch and hemlock, in the large hall, two golden hued landscapes in the second room of an idealized rural feeling wandering among brooks, broken upland, vistas of green and shade with sheep and cattle diversified in the foreground. A picture, No. 183 in the catalogue, "The Two Oaks," in elaborate finish and variety of color, is an agreeable addition by the President of the Academy to his more uniform style. Mr. Kensett's specialties are the two compositions "The Indian Rendezvous" and "Holiday in the Woods," marked by a massiveness and breadth of effect, and in the latter a freshness of tone in advance upon his previous manner in his larger paintings. His sketches, here and there, in the rooms always arrest the visitor. The view from "Mount Desert Island," by Church, seizes upon those glowing metallic bars, rare and gorgeous in color, which lie along the summer sunset, with a depth of view which carries the eye far to seaward. It is a strong and truthful picture, with more imagination in its reality than the effort at the Deluge by the same artist. The picture is weakened by the feebleness of the accessories. There is a crumpling effect of the rocks, more like the dilapidation of a stack of chimneys than the vast Neptunian movements of the early world. The prettiness of the eagle and the group on the rocks withdraws from the sublimities of the theme. Had Mr. Church seen the deluge, he would no doubt have painted it to better advantage. Huntington's "Edge of a Wood" is a composition fine in feeling and form, but looking more to the Old Masters in color than to particular nature. Mr. Cropsey gives us a composition of Italian scenery, recalling the later exhibitions of Cole very strongly. His picture of "The Cove," a mountain gorge in a storm, is handled with freedom and effect. "Table Rock," by Muller, in the same apartment, has the Dusseldorf manner. Mr. Gignoux's "Sunset in Winter," with some few faults in the accessories, is handled with effect. In this department Mr. G., we believe, has no superior at present, either home or abroad.

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"There's not much odds in the name," returned the little man,—"no name particular—I am the King of the Bill-Stickers."

"Good gracious!" said I.

The monarch informed me, with a smile, that he had never been crowned or installed with any public ceremonies, but that he was peaceably acknowledged as King of the Bill-Stickers in right of being the oldest and most respected member of "the old school of bill-sticking." He likewise gave me to understand that there was a Lord Mayor of the Bill-Stickers, whose genius was chiefly exercised within the limits of the city. He made allusion, also, to an inferior potentate, called "Turkey-legs;" but I did not understand that this gentleman was invested with much power. I rather inferred that he derived his title from some peculiarity of gait, and that it was of an honorary character.

"My father," pursued the King of the Bill-Stickers, "was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. My father stuck bills at the time of the riots of London."

"You must be acquainted with the whole subject of bill-sticking, from that time to the present?" said I.

"Pretty well so," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said I; "but I am a sort of collector —"

"Not Income-tax?" cried His Majesty, hastily removing his pipe from his lips.

"No, no," said I.

"Water-rate?" said His Majesty.

"No, no," I returned.

"Gas? Assessed? Sewers?" said His Majesty.

"You misunderstand me," I replied soothingly.

"Not that sort of collector at all: a collector of facts."

"Oh! if it's only facts," cried the King of the Bill-Stickers, recovering his good humor, and

banishing the great mistrust that had suddenly fallen upon him, "come in and welcome! If it had been income, or winders, I think I should have pitched you out of the wan, upon my soul!"

Readily complying with the invitation, I squeezed myself in at the small aperture. His Majesty, graciously handing me a little three-legged stool on which I took my seat in a corner, inquired if I smoked?

"I do;—that is, I can," I answered.

"Pipe and a screw!" said His Majesty to the attendant charioteer. "Do you prefer a dry smoke, or do you moisten it?"

As unmitigated tobacco produces most disturbing effects upon my system (indeed, if I had perfect moral courage, I doubt if I should smoke at all, under any circumstances), I advocated moisture, and begged the Sovereign of the Bill-Stickers to name his usual liquor, and to concede to me the privilege of paying for it. After some delicate reluctance on his part, we were provided, through the instrumentality of the attendant charioteer, with a can of cold rum and water, flavored with sugar and lemon. We were also furnished with a tumbler, and I was provided with a pipe. His Majesty, then, observing that we might combine business with conversation, gave the word for the car to proceed; and, to my great delight, we jogged away at a foot pace.

**LITERARY HUMILITY.**—Southey, to be sure, fancied that he hated incense, and yet his published works and private letters are full of self-flattery. While the public were bidding him to go and sit down lower, he was placing himself in one of the highest rooms. This can never be decent. Accius the poet, a little man, put up a huge statue of the diminutive original in the Temple of Muses, and though Accius had been Virgil, the vanity of the act would have tarnished his renown. "If," remarks Dryden, "a man speaks ever so little of himself, in my opinion that little is too much." "The less you say of your own greatness," observed Bacon to Coke, "the more I shall think of it." Humility is the shading which gives lustre to excellence. The actor who applauded his own performance would run a risk of being laughed at or hissed by the audience.—*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*

**MRS. PARTINGTON'S QUERIES.**—Whether Mason & Dixon's line was a line of stage coaches or steam packets?

What sort of curiosities does President Fillmore's Cabinet contain?

Whether the Powder Magazine contains any good reading on the subject of ladies' dresses?

Whether the Pope is going to roam all over the world before he dies?

Whether his bulls are as ferocious as ever?

Were the liberty poles which were recently cut to pieces in Paris, the last of that noble race?

Is the United States Mint any better for juleps than the common mint?

Has the "Double Eagle" two pair of wings or not?

Do dead letters ever revive after reaching the General Post Office?

Do navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes—or is it only in cold regions?

**OUTLINE FOR A POEM ON NOAH AND THE DELUGE.**—Of all subjects this is the most magnificent. This is the work with which I would attempt to introduce hexameters into our language. A scattered party of fifty or a hundred do nothing; but if I march a regular army of some thousands into the country, well disciplined, and on a good plan, they will effect their establishment. My plan should be sketched before I have read Bodmer's poem; then, if his work be not above mediocrity, it may be melted at my convenience into mine. For the philosophy, Burnett's theory is the finest possible; for machinery, the Rabbis must give it me, and the Talmuds are in requisition. The feelings must be interested for some of those who perished in the waters. A maiden withheld from the ark by maternal love, and her betrothed self-sacrificed with her. Their deaths and consequent

beatitude may be deeply affecting. In the despotism that has degraded the world, and made it fit only for destruction, there is room for strong painting. The Anakim have once already destroyed mankind.—*Southey's Commonplace Book.*

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

**IDENTITY OF IDEA.**—A French caricature represents Louis Napoleon trying on a crown, which has slipped over his face, upon which he remarks—*truly my uncle had a greater head than I!* At a recent public meeting somewhere in New England, a sentiment was given something like this:—The honorable Mr. A., the mantle of his father has fallen upon him and smothered him!

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE entire copyrights of the works of Sir Walter Scott, including the *Life* by Lockhart, with the steel plates, woodcuts, stereotype plates of the Abbotsford and other editions, with the stock in hand, were offered at auction in London on the 26th ult., by the trustees of the late Robert Cadell. The whole was put up in one lot, the purchaser to be compelled to take the entire of the printed stock, amounting in price to upwards of £10,000. It was anticipated that the bidding would be very spirited. "Authors," says the *Athenæum* of the previous week, "advert with a sort of professional pride to the enormous sale which the works have already obtained; realizing a fortune of some £130,000 for one publisher alone,—and this when the books themselves had been long in the market, and their author was a bankrupt." The rumor runs that the Row will hardly venture into the market; and that the biddings towards the last will lie with Mr. Tegg, and some combination of printers and paper-makers. The value of the copyrights consists, it is said (we give but gossip), not so much in the stereotype and remaining stock, as in the probable profits of a new and cheap edition of each novel, at half a crown, well printed and well papered; and of a good library edition to supplant, in all choice libraries, the forty-eight volume edition now the best existing." The auction sale, however, was not carried out, the price falling short of the terms of the trustees. Amongst the bidders were the Messrs. Longman, Mr. Virtue, and Mr. Boyd (one of the firm of Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh), and the largest amount offered was £14,500; a pretty fair investment at that, coupled, we presume, with the rider of the £10,000 stock in hand; but the terms were thought insufficient, and the extensive lot was bought in for £15,000 by the agent of the vendors. A division into lots had been contemplated, but it was not made.

Mr. Disturnell of this city, we learn from his Circular, is advancing in his establishment of a Geographical and Statistical Library, convenient of access to the business community, where will be found all kinds of Atlases, Maps, Globes, Charts, Gazetteers, Registers, Directories, Public Documents, &c., &c.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia, will issue during the present year, two very important Poetical Works. The *Practical Model Calculator*, for the Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Naval Architect, Miner, Millwright, &c.; various original and most useful rules in Mechanical Science, divested of mathematical complexity, and well adapted for mechanical calculations, will be found throughout this work. It will be illustrated with numerous engravings on wood; and contain a full and convenient summary of all that is useful to practical men, students, apprentices, and amateurs; as well as concise rules, accurate results, and useful tables. The other work is a *Practical Treatise on the American Steam Engine*, with its Application to Arts, Manufactures, Mines, and Navigation; containing all the improvements up to the present day;

illustrated by numerous wood engravings, and thirty-six large plates. This work will contain, in the aggregate, all that can be desired on the theory and practice of the steam-engine, and promises to be the most valuable yet proposed. It will be of a truly practical character. These two books are being written by that justly celebrated mathematical and mechanical author, Oliver Byrne, editor of the "Dictionary of Machines, Mechanics, Engineering, and Engineering;" author of the "Companion for Mechanics," &c.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 5TH TO THE 19TH OF APRIL.

- Anne Gray: a Novel. 8vo. pp. 220 (Stranger & Townsend).  
 Beaumont: a Francoisa Story. 18mo. pp. 211 (Harper & Brothers).  
 Clifford (F.)—The Present Age: or, Men and Manners. 12mo. pp. 28 (Dewitt & Davenport).  
 Clare (Marie J.)—The Trial. 12mo. pp. 70 (Albany, E. H. Pease).  
 Davis (C. A.)—Report of the Proceedings at the Examination of, on a Charge of Aiding and Abetting in the Rescue of a Fugitive Slave. 8vo. pp. 44 (Boston, White & Potter, print.).  
 Drenth Chintz. 18mo. pp. 106 (Boston, James Munroe & Co.).  
 Grote (G.)—History of Greece. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 419 (Boston, J. P. Jewett & Co.).  
 Greene (B. F.)—Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce. An Address delivered at the Annual Exhibition of the Res. Co. Agricultural Society, near the city of Troy, Sept. 26, 1850. 8vo. pp. 16 (Troy, N.Y.).  
 Gilbert (J. W.)—A Practical Treatise on Banking. 8vo. pp. 438 (G. P. Putnam).  
 Goethe.—Wilhelm Meister. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 482, 495 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).  
 Golden Sands of Mexico, and True Riches. Illustrated by Croome. 12mo. pp. 211 (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).  
 Iconographic Encyclopedia. Part XVIII. 8vo. (R. Garrigue).  
 Jones (D. E.)—Temple Melodica, for Public, Social, and Private Worship. 8vo. pp. 216 (Mason & Law).  
 James (G. P. K.)—The Commissioner. 8vo. pp. 212 (Harper & Bros.).  
 Mulchinnock (W. P.)—Ballads and Songs. 12mo. pp. 264. (T. W. Strong).  
 McCord (Louisa S.)—Cainus Gracchus. A Tragedy, in five acts. 12mo. pp. 128. (Kernot).  
 North American Review, No. 151, April, 1851. (Boston, Little & Brown).  
 Paine (D.)—The Jenny Lind Glee Book; consisting of the most popular Songs sung by M<sup>lle</sup> Jenny Lind. Also, Madrigals, Glee, &c. from distinguished authors. Obl. 4to. pp. 224. (Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.).  
 Richard of York; or, the White Rose of England. An Historical Romance. 8vo. pp. 272. (Stranger & Townsend).  
 Rangers (The); or, the Tory's Daughter. A Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 329. (Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.).  
 Ruskin (John).—Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds. 8vo. pp. 38 (John Wiley).  
 Rose Douglass; or, the Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter. By S. R. W. 12mo. pp. 372. (Appleton & Co.).  
 Reichenbach (C. M.)—Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemistry, in their Relation to Vital Force. Edited by J. Ashburner, M.D. 16mo. pp. 456. (J. S. Redfield).  
 Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, 35 and 36—Lear, Romeo & Juliet. 8vo. illustr. (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.).  
 Tuckerman (H. T.)—Characteristics of Literature, Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Writers. 12mo. pp. 282. (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).  
 The New Didgo. No. 3. 12mo. pp. 25. (H. Kernot).

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